National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XIX. NO. 14. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858. WHOLE NO. 950.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *North Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the National Anti-Slavery Standard, New York.*"

RATE OF ADVERTISING, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Pro-Slavery.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

From The Journal of Commerce.

THE ecclesiastical meetings for the year are over, and the conclusion we derive from them is that there exists an improved state of feeling on the agitating topics of the day. When we consider the degree of inflammation which for some time has afflicted the minds of many clergymen on the subject of slavery, we are pleased, were it only for their sakes, to perceive any abatement of the fever. The Presbyterian General Assembly that met at Cleveland in 1857 was under a strong morbid excitement. It issued in the exclusion of their Southern brethren, who could not see as they did on certain subjects. Having accomplished this sacrifice to a matter of opinion, having rid themselves of some of the best and meekest men in the country, they pause to ask *cui bono?* What good has all this done to anybody? It has weakened *us*, without strengthening the anti-slavery cause. It has strengthened *them* in what we pronounce error. It has emancipated no slave, it has convinced no master. It has prejudiced the unbelieving. Nay, it has distressed us, they acknowledged, when, in the Assembly of 1858 at Chicago, the great majority passed resolutions of regret for what had occurred the year before, and received very courteously the delegate of the Southern Synod, who came to claim the share of ecclesiastical funds which equitably belonged to the Synod. Some unreasoning, unreasonable, unmerciful ultras scorned to express any regret upon the subject, but we must leave them to the healing influence of time and reflection. We know a reverend Doctor, not himself composed of the softest constitutional materials, who declared to us that a Southern plantation was the nearest point to hell to be found on this earth; but we have hope even of him, for we believe him to be a good man, and think he has already improved in his diction on this inflammable subject. Other doctors we know who have renounced their fiery declamation against slaveholders, and now speak in terms of reason and tones of kindness. We advise all who have been similarly afflicted to imitate their example.

The other branch of the Presbyterian Church has never been led away by the follies and fancies of modern abolitionism, although some attempts have been made by restless spirits among them. Having been resisted with calm dignity and inflexible purposes, these attempts are not likely to be renewed, because in that body the right sentiment has been gaining strength. Yet who have been more stern and resolute advocates of real freedom than the Presbyterians of Scotland and the United States?

That public sentiment is now under a process of rectification, was strikingly manifested at the Tract meeting in May. We are assured that the Southern friends of the cause had such confidence in the disposition and ability of their Northern brethren to conduct the controversy to a proper issue that few of them thought it of importance to attend the meeting. Most of them preferred that the honors of the triumph should be enjoyed by those who have been perpetually exposed to the roughnesses of the combat.

The truth is, while there is a vast deal of foaming and splashing on the surface of the waters, the great profound current is flowing on with calmness. The majesty of the quiet vote was finally exemplified on that day, and the magnitude of the moral victory achieved was far more to be estimated than the mere numerical majority, decisive as it was. The results are patent. The influence of that demonstration has been felt in all subsequent conventions, and we are to presume and to expect that the revolution in New England sentiment will be complete.

The firmness of the South has ever been the same. They could, therefore, afford to speak as they have on the subject of the African slave trade. New England declined to abolish it for a long time, while the South urged it, but was outvoted. The South is, therefore, consistent. It knows, too, how, under all circumstances, it is best to treat the African race. Legislation can do something; persuasion more; denunciation nothing. We have recently conversed with a gentleman from Louisiana, who assures us that many masters are burdened with a sense of the responsibility imposed on them by the number of slaves they hold, and anxiously seek to promote their welfare in the best practicable manner.

THE SLAVEHOLDERS OF MARYLAND.

From The Cambridge (Md.) Democrat, August 10.

AGREEABLY to adjournment, a large and most respectable meeting of the citizens of Dorchester County was held in the Court-house on Monday morning last.

Mr. Griswold, who was the chairman of the committee to report resolutions, having been called professionally to Easton, there was some delay in the proceedings; and as all of the committee named at the last meeting were not in attendance at the opening of the meeting, the place of the absentees was supplied. While they were out deliberating upon the purposes of the meeting and preparing a preamble and resolutions, F. W. Thomas, Esq., was called on to address the meeting, which he did in a most able and eloquent manner, clearly showing forth the rights and duties of the South in the vindication of her interests and institutions. His speech was received and listened to with the greatest admiration and applause, and the greatest regret we have is that we are not able to give our readers his and the other speeches that were made on the occasion.

After Mr. Thomas concluded, as the Committee had not yet come in with their report, the meeting was adjourned to the afternoon, when our townsman, the Hon. James A. Stewart, addressed the meeting in a full and most able argument, in which he said he coincided with what the last speaker said, and presented several new and interesting facts to the consideration of the meeting. Mr. Stewart gave way to the Committee, who entered while he was speaking, to make their report. It was presented by Daniel M. Henry, Esq., in a most lucid and eloquent exposition. Mr. Henry said, among other things, that if there were any Abolitionists among us they had better leave; that as they had lost the respect of white men, it was natural that they should find their level and consort with black men. It was a pity, he said, that they could not change their skin and be black altogether.

We are glad that the proposition to take measures for the holding of a general Eastern Shore Convention, upon this matter, was so favorably received. It is by standing together that we shall be able to put down abolitionism in our midst. It can only be done in this way. We learn from the tactics of the Abolitionists what they were enabled to do by united action. Here and there, when they were few and far between, they called Conventions, and by united action they, as it were, forced public opinion in certain sections of the country. We may learn a lesson from our enemies. If united action can do so much for them in a bad cause, let us see what it can do for us in a good one. We decidedly sympathize with the action of the meeting in Kent, and our preamble and resolutions are to the same effect. Let us not only have a Convention here on the Eastern Shore, but let it be held in view of the holding hereafter of a great Slaveholding Convention of all the slave States.

Similar laws with regard to free negroes and Abolitionists, and upon the subject of manumission, should be passed by all the States; and the initiatory to this result must be a great Southern Convention—not a Convention of mere words, but one of action—an action which coming events will force upon the South and upon us of Maryland, who claim to be of the South, and with it heart and soul upon this subject. Let us have an Eastern Shore Convention, at least, and let us hear from our friends far and wide upon the subject.

A GLEAM OF GOOD SENSE.—One is astonished sometimes to meet with insane persons in our lunatic asylums who talk sensibly and intelligently on most subjects, until a chance word on the exciting topic maddens the brain. With feelings similar, we read in the report of the proceedings of a convention of negroes at New Bedford that a resolution was offered for the publication of an address to the negroes of the South, urging them to rise and massacre their masters, which was lost by a decided majority. Cuffee could not go that monstrous extent of fanaticism, although it has been reached more than once by the white philanthropists of the North. What are we to think of this? Has Cuffee more conscience than his live Yankee abolition brother, or is he more politic in his hatred of the slaveholders of the South? However this may be, Massa Greeley and his coadjutors may well learn a lesson from their black brethren which may prevent the recurrence of those insane procedures which now and then have shocked the common sense of the nation; and we must confess that Cuffee has more regard for decency and morality than we had imagined.—*The South.*

A CONFESSION OF WEAKNESS.

From The South.

THAT the abolition spirit is dying out at the North, we have seen for some time, but we had not expected that any one among the fanatics would admit the truth. Imagine our surprise, then, on looking over the New York ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, to find these significant expressions, contained in two cards put forth in that paper by a committee of females, who seem to be specially appointed to raise, by annual fairs and anniversaries, funds to be expended in the abolition enterprise. Here are the extracts:

"The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our joint financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore."

"There is need that the next Fair should surpass all previous ones in pecuniary results; for the times demand that the trumpet-call of the Abolitionists should sound louder and louder above the din of the political arena and the controversies of ecclesiastical organizations."

There is no mistaking the tenor of these sentences, and the cards have others equally strong and significant, some appealing most piteously for money. From all which the inference is irresistible that these "she" Abolitionists are alarmed by the aspects of the times, and feel the need of increased zeal and energy on the part of all Abolitionists. This necessity can only arise from the failure of their former efforts, and the perceptible loss of influence over the public mind.

The confession is put forth with the view of stimulating Abolitionists to renewed activity, but we venture to predict that it will have the opposite effect. Rats leave the sinking ship; and now that its friends admit that they are losing ground, we may expect much greater defection from the ranks of abolitionism. As a piece of party policy the announcement is stupid, but, for the sake of the country, we rejoice that it has been made. The total extinction of abolitionism is what is needed to give peace to the country, and this step will aid materially in bringing about the result.

CAN THE SLANDERER GO TO HEAVEN FROM THE PULPIT?—A certain class of men—and some of them are in the pulpit—seem to seek that kind of notoriety which is obtained by indulging in wholesale abuse and denunciation of the South. Among this number is Henry Ward Beecher. The following is going the rounds of the newspapers as one of his sayings in his "Life Thoughts":

"The Bible Society is sending its Bibles all over the world—to Greenland and the Moreа, to Arabia and Egypt—but it dares not send them to our own people. The colporteur who should leave a Bible in a slave cabin would go to heaven from the lowest limb of the first tree."

That "the colporteur who should leave a Bible in a slave cabin would go to heaven from the lowest limb of the first tree," Rev. H. W. Beecher either knows to be false or he does not. If he knew it to be false, he is a vile slanderer. If he did not, still he is a slanderer. For if he had sought correct information, he would have known that his assertion is false. The slanderer injures himself more than the slandered. It might be well for him to take heed to his ways, lest it may not be even as well with him as the colporteur, who, according to his assertion, "would go to heaven from the lowest limb of the first tree." A slanderer can no more go to heaven from the pulpit, than a thief.

We know some slaves who have Bibles in their cabins, and read them, too. They are the most subordinate, kind, honest and faithful servants. Others could have the Bible in their cabins if they wanted it. Among the people of the South with whom we are acquainted, a prudent man who attends to his own business, and seeks only the religious benefit of the slave, may, at any time, leave the Bible at "slave cabins," and receive the thanks of the masters. And so we believe it could be done generally.—*St. Louis Observer, July 29.*

Selections.

SPEECH OF STEPHEN S. FOSTER,

In the "Free Convention," Rutland, Vt., June 20th, 1858.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I hope we shall feel kindly toward each other, for we cannot reform the world by introducing the spirit of love and kindness, until that spirit finds a lodgment in our own hearts; and however we may differ one from another, owing to our blindness, I hope we shall give the world this evidence, namely, "that we love one another."

Sir, this Convention was called as a Reform Convention, and claims to be a Reform Convention; and we, as members of this body, claim to be reformers. What, then, is the first work of reformers? Is it not to reform themselves? How can we impart to others that which we do not ourselves possess? What we have, we can give; but how can we give what we have not? Until we have first reformed ourselves, we cannot reform our neighbors. Then, again, if we are intelligent reformers, we must begin with ourselves and with the community in reforming the worst evil first. Why strain at a gnat, while we are all the time gulping down camels? (Laughter.) I hold that, as intelligent men and women, we must begin, with the community and with ourselves, where the greatest crimes begin; and having reformed them out of the way, we can reach the lesser ones; but we can never remove the lesser ones until we have removed the greater.

Sir, what is the great sin of this nation to-day? It is standing with an iron heel upon the palpitating hearts of four millions of native-born Americans. Do you realize that we have in our midst four millions of brethren and sisters who are forbidden by the laws of the republic to learn the alphabet?

MR. BEESON—Four millions and a half, Indians as well as slaves.

MR. FOSTER—That only makes it worse. I repeat it; in this nineteenth century, a nation, that every seventh day goes on its knees before God, thanking him that we live in a land of Gospel light and civil and religious liberty, denies, on the pains of stripes and imprisonment, its own Sacred Scriptures to one-seventh part of its population—and we are to talk about a belief in immortality, are we? We are to discuss the question whether spirits in the other world can communicate with us, are we? Sir, while we stand here, there are four million native Americans, every one of whom has been plundered of every farthing he ever earned, and his race robbed of all it ever produced. The slave population has earned thousands of millions of dollars, and yet, altogether, they are not the possessors of a solitary farthing. It has all been clutched by the government of which we constitute some of the main pillars. The government of our country, instead of protecting these men against robbery, has invariably protected the robber against his plundered victim—has it not? These are the circumstances under which we are assembled to-day—and that is not the worst feature by any means. We have heard a great deal upon this platform on the subject of woman's wrongs, and my heart has bled as I have listened to the recital. But the darkest shade of this dark picture is yet to be presented to this Convention. Do you know that there are two millions of women in this land for whom to lift a hand against their ravisher is a capital offence? Such is the law of this nation. It not only withdraws all protection from them, but it makes it a crime for a woman to lift her hand against the ravisher, and threatens instant death to her father, brother, son or husband (in the eye of God), if they shall dare to protect her against the foulest ruffian the sun ever shone upon! That is American law, in the middle of the nineteenth century! That is Republicanism! This is a "model Republic"; this is a "Christian" nation; this is a nation studded all over with churches, built professedly to the living God; and this exists in the full sunshine of the belief in that Bible that our friend Mayo, even, told us, last night, had done so much for civilization. The nation that above all others boasts of its belief in the infallibility of the Bible makes it a State prison offence for us to teach its sacred contents to our brethren! Under these circumstances, it seems to me that our spiritualist friends ought not to be impatient if we devote one full session to the consideration of this greatest of all crimes.

My heart has been pained and sunk within me as I have listened to the discussions which have been going on before this audience. While the speakers were talking of the affairs of the other world, all ears were open; but the moment an appeal was made in behalf of four millions, every one of whom has been plundered of every right that God gave him, that moment all attention was diverted from the platform, and there was conversation and laughter all over this vast audience.

Mr. Chairman, there is one feature of this black system to which I must call the attention of this audience. The office of mother has been alluded to on the platform, and it has been extolled to the very highest degree. We have been told that there is nothing on this earth that has such a perfect resemblance to creative Deity as the mother. But do you realize that since you sat upon this platform yesterday, at this hour, over four hundred American mothers have been robbed of their new-born babes, every one of whom has been thrown into the market as a chattel personal, torn from its mother's arms and sold to the slave-trader, just as I take the calf from the cow and sell it to the butcher. And yet, we pretend to venerate woman as mother! We are talking about her noble position in the community as mother, and the next day selling her on the auction-block, with cattle, swine and mules!—herself and her new-born baby to different owners, to be sent to different States of this Union, never to meet again until they meet in the world of spirits! And that is American law! There is not a political party in the country, with the exception of a little handful of men scarcely known beyond the State where they originated, that does not swear by the living God they will execute that law, at the point of the bayonet.

MR. JOHN LANDON—We are all anti-slavery here. We are ready to act.

MR. FOSTER—I am told that you are all anti-slavery here, and ready to act. In God's name, why don't you act? I ask the gentleman to answer that question—"Why don't you act?"

MR. LANDON—We don't send any doughfaces to Congress (laughter).

MR. FOSTER—No; but you send men whose hearts are as hard as flints against the appeal of the slave mother (applause). You have yet to send the first man who will make an effort to abolish the slave system.

MR. LANDON—We will give the pound of flesh, but no blood.

MR. FOSTER—Yes; and what is that flesh? It is the four millions who are held under State laws; and there is a Vermonter who tells us he will give up the four millions to slavery, but no more (laughter and cheers).

MR. LANDON—No, sir; we will give them the pound of flesh, but not a drop of blood.

MR. FOSTER—Yes; but that pound of flesh is the slave. Understand that, my compromising friend (laughter).

MR. LANDON—I would not perpetrate a pious fraud in order that good might come.

MR. FOSTER—No, but you would perpetrate an *impious* one—swear to support a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell," because your father made it. There is no piety about this fraud, my friend. It is all from the bottomless pit, from begining to end. There is no hidden cloven foot about it. The iniquity was never concealed. From the outset, every vote has been for the Southern kidnapper, and you have not had a party in existence in this State, or in any other—with the exception to which I have referred—that did not propose not only not to protect the slave in Carolina, but not to protect him even on your own soil.

A VOICE—The Republican party are doing, while you are talking.

MR. FOSTER—Doing what? Hunting slaves? (Laughter.) Tell me what else you are doing? Down on all fours, hunting slaves! (Laughter and applause.) Yes, in the language of the editor of one of the most influential papers of Massachusetts, who, speaking of the slaveholder, says, "We are his hounds. Up to Mason and Dixon's line, the slave-owner hunts his victim with dog and gun; but on this side, he sends his biped hounds in pursuit of his victim—that is, the members of the Methodist Church."

Now, I appeal to the gentleman who said you were ready to act, whether you can show the record of any action in your past lives that is not in favor of slavery.

MR. LANDON—I think there can be no question, if we were called upon to act, but that you would see a recognition of the "higher law" here.

MR. FOSTER—I call upon you, in the name of four millions of slaves, to go to work; first to abandon all support of the government; and, secondly, to create a government, which, when it comes into power, shall free every slave in this land.

A VOICE—It can be done to-day.

MR. FOSTER—Can you *begin* it to-day? Where is the evidence of it? Show me the party that proposes it, for I want to go and worship at the spot where it was formed! It shall be my Lexington and Bunker Hill. But if you do intend to do it now, you will act in opposition to your sworn pledges. You have taken an oath to serve the devil! Do you intend to break it and follow Christ? I tell you, my friends, Christ spurns all such followers, and so do I. If you are going to swear to support the devil, then follow him, and I will have some respect for you, as a good, faithful devil (loud laughter and applause). But if you swear to support the devil, and then attempt to serve Christ, like him, I will spew you out of my mouth, because you are neither cold nor hot.

I stand here, in the name of four millions of slaves, to demand of every man and woman that they shall put their heel on the government of this country. Do I ask too much? (VOICES—"No, no.") Tell me if I ask too much, when I ask you to put your heel on a government that robs four millions of human beings of every day's work they perform, that robs them of the spelling-book and of the Bible, of the marriage and family relations, and the right to their own bodies?

Some will say, "This will result in blood." Very likely it will. What of it? I ask you, is not every one ready to spill oceans of blood, if necessary, to secure his own freedom?

MR. LANDON—Did I understand Mr. Foster to complain that the slaves do not have the Bible? Does not the Bible enjoin submission to their masters?

MR. FOSTER—Yes, submission to their masters, and *resistance* to their masters. Christ says, "Call no man your master upon earth." He forbids a man to be a slave. I hold it as much a crime to be a slave as to be a master. I hold that those women have no business to be slaves. Shame on you, sisters! Why do you not go up to the ballot-box at the next election, in solid phalanx, and demand your right to vote? (Applause.) You will have it! Tell those miscrable men to stand back; that you are going to take possession of your rights, long plundered from you; and I warrant you every one of them will skulk out of the way. I marvel you have not done it already. If I were not a non-resistant, and my wife felt with me, I would walk arm in arm with her to the polls, if I had to wade knee deep in blood. You pretend to be Spiritualists, and believe in a future life; and yet, you are so attached to this that you dare not repudiate this pro-slavery, man-thieving government, because it may cost a drop of blood, a scratch on the face! You believe in Spiritualism? Why, I have more Spiritualism in my little finger than you have in your whole bodies. With all my non-resistance, I do not shrink from the thought of blood as you do. What is life compared with character? What matters it to me how I die, so that I die battling for the right? I have got to die some time. Death can never be more welcome than to-day, if my work is done. Is there not a brighter and better world beyond? Why are we so attached to the low, vulgar things of time and sense? Why are we willing to grope along here, hugging to our bosoms our own property and our own dear rights, while we look coldly on and see every seventh man, woman and child in the nation deprived of every right? What is the use of my life, I ask, if I have got to stand by and see the dwellings of my neighbors consumed by fire, and fold up my arms in stoical indifference? I do not know what material my fellow-countrymen are made of. No man ever had to argue the question of slavery to me a moment. It is enough to point me to my neighbor's dwelling on fire; it is enough to point me to the slave. There is no need of an argument to show me the duty of going to his relief. I cannot help going. The cry of fire starts me at once from this platform, and the only questions are, Where is the fire? and, where are the engines? So tell me, There is a slave, and you have done all that is necessary. The response comes back, Where and how can I reach him? I want to fix every eye on the Southern slave. And let me say, here and now, that I never intend to lay aside the question of slavery, come what may. I never intend to turn my eye from the slave until the last shackle falls. I may die in this conflict; but one thing is certain, I shall see the slave free before I die, or I shall die confronting, with all the power I can command, the community that supports the government that enslaves him and binds him in his chains.

I have done now what I came here to do. In my humble way, I have lifted up my voice in behalf of four millions in bonds. I leave the responsibility with you; and God is my witness, if you go down to the grave with this crime upon your souls, my soul is clean of your blood.

THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF SLAVES IN VIRGINIA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Chicago *Church Record* discourages the prevailing religious treatment of blacks at the South. He says:

"The majority of the blacks at the South are reckoned among the Baptists and Methodists. Several reasons are given why they are so. Among others, the 'experience' which the convert recites, wherein the marvellous predominates, telling of his 'dreams,' 'visions' and 'views,' and, above all, that his 'getting religion' is the one main thing. He has an idea, too, that when he is once immersed, he comes out of the water a Christian forever! That is, that he is henceforth sure of salvation, and, though the Baptist preacher may not tell him so, he somehow gets the idea that 'once in grace, he is always in grace.' The practical effect upon a large number is to adopt the theory that he cannot sin (having been converted)—his actions are all right, because he has been justified, and no wonder he sins with impunity. Hence, as one says, it is quite enough for one to know that a slave who desires to hire out on account of his master or mistress has 'got religion,' that the overseer does not want him, as he will very likely steal, &c., and be considered quite untrustworthy. Two anecdotes occur to the writer, as taking place while he was in Virginia, going to show how the thing works.

"A young negro related his 'experience' of the marvellous in 'getting through'; but as all parts of his story did not hang together, the 'preacher' could not accept of him, and plainly told him there 'must be some mistake,' refusing to immerse him. Turning to an old negro in the crowd, the young convert called out to him, 'Look you here, Sam, jist you give me back them are chickens; massa says the story you learnt me ain't right.' Whether the old darkey had made it his trade to teach young negroes how to give in their experience, I do not know, but a loud laugh followed this plain exposure of a simple trick.

"It is a very common thing to have a colored preacher on a plantation, who is always on hand to preach a funeral sermon for the race, sometime during the course of the year after a colored person dies. It matters little when it takes place, so the sermon comes, with a feast at the same time. One of this sort had sold some corn to a white man, which he stole from his master! For there is a race of shiftless whites in the South who live by the rich bounties of nature, in the rivers full of the finest fish, and in buying stolen corn cheaply from the slaves. The master learned from his boy Pete that his missing grain was sold to a white man by one of his own slaves. 'And I'll tell you, massa,' he said, 'who did it—only you mustn't tell on me, 'cause if you do, he'll kill me; it's old Ben.' 'Ben!' said he, 'it can't be him; why, Pete, you lie, he's a preacher.' 'Can't help it, massa,' said he; 'old Ben did it.' On sending for the old negro, he 'owned up the corn,' as he was tied up for whipping; and said he knew who told on him—'it was Pete, an' if you'll let me down,' said he, 'I'll kill him!' 'What!' said the master, 'you, a preacher, going to kill a boy?' 'Yes, yes,' said he, 'I've been *immersed*, and can't commit any more sin. If you will let me down I'll kill him!' Whereupon his master had to sell him 'down South,' to save the boy's life."

THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The United Service (Eng.) Gazette.

WE are sure there is not a respectable citizen of the United States who would not feel indignant were he to know the infamous uses to which the flag of his free and independent nation is applied on the coast of Africa. We have recorded the capture of the schooner Lydia Gibbs by the Trident. The circumstances attending the boarding of that vessel are not singular, although it seldom happens that they terminate so successfully. The Lydia Gibbs is an American-built vessel of about 200 tons, of the model of the far-famed yacht America. She had been for some time at anchor in Whydah Roads, but, having American colors flying, there was a difficulty in examining her closely, as her cargo was apparently undisturbed, and no United States man-of-war was at hand to ascertain the correctness of her papers. Boats of two or three of the English cruisers had been alongside, but could find nothing to justify a minute search likely to lead to detention. The Lydia Gibbs was, however, on the 29th of May, fallen in with off the coast by Commodore Close, of the Trident, and that officer, under a moral conviction that the vessel was not engaged in lawful business, sent a boat to board her. The party were received civilly, and, seemingly, with unconcern; but the examining officer being on the point of lifting the tarpaulin which covered her suspiciously large hatchway, the *pseudo* American skipper saw that his game was up. He ordered the mate to "tear down the rag," as he was not going to be captured under those colors, which orders were literally complied with, and at the same time he threw the papers overboard. The vessel being then denationalized, the British officer proceeded to open the hatches, when out walked ten Spaniards, forming the slave crew, who had been concealed below. The Lydia Gibbs will, in all probability, be condemned in the Admiralty Court, and so far the ends of justice will be compassed; but is not this capture a convincing proof that slavery cannot be put down if the flag bearing the stars and stripes of America is allowed to deter those engaged in the suppression from examining suspicious vessels?

From The Charleston Courier.

The Savannah *Republican* copies the despatch concerning the rumor that the bark E. A. Rawlins had landed a cargo of 450 Africans somewhere on the coast, and says:

"The above despatch appeared in the Augusta papers of yesterday, and perhaps it may be expected that we should make some allusion to the subject. We heard a number of rumors on the street Saturday—one that the Rawlins had landed 750 slaves on the coast of Texas—but have no information as to the correctness of any of them. The Rawlins is below in ballast—and, we hear, without papers—but we have seen no evidence of her having landed slaves here, in Texas, or at any other point. The rumor probably has no better foundation than her arrival in ballast and without papers, on her first appearance since she was held up some months ago by our Collector under suspicion of fitting out as a slaver."

We heard an additional rumor yesterday, to wit: "that the bark intended to surrender to the Collector, pay the fine of $500 for being without papers, and then take out new ones."

The Savannah *News* has the following in reference to the same report:

"We clip the above despatch from the Augusta papers. The rumor was current in our community all day Saturday, and, as such things always do, gave rise to a hundred different stories. The bark E. A. Rawlins is at our quarantine ground, and will, we understand, come up to the city to-day. She is without papers and reports herself from the coast of Africa. It is rumored that she has landed a cargo of 650 slaves—some say in Cuba, others in Texas. Nobody seems to doubt that she has landed them somewhere."

There was even a rumor in this city that the E. A. Rawlins was expected with a cargo of Africans; and it is quite probable that there is not so much smoke without a little fire.

From The Tribune.

How much the laws of the United States forbidding American vessels to engage in the African slave trade for the supply of foreign countries really amount to, and how the penalties imposed by those laws—forfeiture of the vessel, a fine of double the value of the vessel on the owners, and death to those actually engaged in the transportation of the negroes—are evaded, is made pretty evident by the case of the bark E. A. Rawlins, whose arrival at Savannah was reported some days since. This vessel sailed from Savannah some months since. It was suspected at the time—and doubtless upon good grounds—that she was intended for the slave trade, and on the strength of that suspicion she was seized, and the case brought before the District Court. But the Judge of that Court proved as exacting in his demands for evidence as the Judge of our District of Southern New York is apt to be in similar cases, and, as the proof did not come up to the Judge's standard, the vessel was discharged and proceeded on her voyage, nominally for Madeira, a very convenient stepping-stone for the coast of Africa. A few days since, she made her appearance again at Savannah, last from Galveston in ballast, without any papers, and with a new captain and crew; and the report at Savannah is, and most probably the correct one, that she had succeeded in landing some six hundred and fifty slaves on the coast of Cuba. The papers were, no doubt, thrown away after the slaves were taken on board, lest by any accident she might fall into the hands of an American cruiser. The old captain and crew have judged it safest not to return; in fact, in all probability, the crew have been purposely kept out of the way, lest they might be employed as State's evidence as to the character of the voyage; and the new captain, by reporting himself at the Custom House as without papers and paying a fine of $500, expects to save himself and the owners from all further consequences from that irregularity. Hitherto it has been the custom, after landing a cargo of slaves, to burn the vessel, by way of breaking the link between her American owners or outfitters and the criminal enterprise in which she has been engaged. It would seem that the persons engaged in this business at Savannah had grown bolder, and, relying perhaps upon the growing sentiment at the South in favor of the slave trade, have resolved no longer to submit to this sacrifice or loss.

If the fitting out of slavers for the supply of Cuba can be carried on from the port of Savannah under this thin disguise—and it remains to be seen what steps Mr. Secretary Cobb will take in the premises—it will make very little difference, for any practical purpose, that Mr. Lamar should have been refused the clearance for which he applied from Charleston or Savannah to the coast of Africa, and thence with a cargo of African immigrants to some port in Cuba. If Mr. Secretary Cobb really intends to enforce the laws prohibiting the foreign slave trade, if he does not mean to sit still and allow those laws to be violated in his face, and that violation made a boast of, it is high time he were up and doing.

The vessels fitted out by M. Regis & Co., under the authority of the French government, for the purchase of slaves on the coast of Africa, with the intention, it is alleged, of transferring them to French sugar colonies, there to be employed as free laborers, have rather a run of of bad luck. One of them, after meeting with great delays and difficulties in filling up, as she approached the Island of Guadeloupe, ran upon a rock and was lost, the greater part of the unfortunate emigrants perishing in the waves. Then there was the famous case of the Regina Cœli, in which the emigrants, after having got on board the ship, revolted, killed most of the crew, and afterward, being taken into Monrovia, ran away, leaving the vessel liable to a claim of salvage. We now hear of another vessel, the Mary Caroline, which, having visited Madagascar on the same business, was still more unlucky. One of the chiefs promised to furnish a supply, and the captain and crew, having been enticed on shore under this pretense, were murdered, after which the ship was set on fire and burnt. Considering all the losses he has encountered, and the high price which the competition of the slave-traders has obliged him to pay for his free laborers, we doubt whether, in a pecuniary point of view, M. Regis will find the speculation a paying one. Nor do the free laborers who have been transported from Africa, prove entirely satisfied with the liberty accorded to them in their new homes. Late accounts from Demerara mention the arrival there of a number of Kroomen, who had run away from Cayenne.—*Ib.*

John Mitchel is hard at work enlightening his adopted countrymen as to the nefarious designs on them of the British government, especially with regard to the Right of Search. John sees clearly that the British have given up nothing on this point, and that the exultations of *The Union* and other "organs" is sheer humbug—talk for Buncombe. Hear him further:

"But the worst of all is, that so long as our stupid piracy law remains on the statute-book, England is altogether *in the right*. The American Congress has declared slave-trading to be piracy. Piracy is an offence against the law of nations. Cruizers of all nations have a right to bring to and search any pirate ship, or ship suspected of being a pirate; and we have thus, by our own legislation, helped and confirmed the pretensions of the British navy to act as a marine police. Any ship bearing American colors may be a slave ship for anything the British Cruizer can tell to the contrary; and the only way he has of satisfying himself that she is not is commanding her to heave to, at whatever risk of detention and damage—firing into her if she does not instantly obey, and sending a boat's crew of men on board to examine her papers. As to the "*bona fide* suspicion," if the officer says he has just grounds of suspicion, who is to contradict him. In short, the right of search will stand exactly as it does, and has done, until there is an end of our law declaring slave-trade piracy."—*Ib.*

Our Agricultural Fairs—so soon to be celebrated for the current year—are languishing for lack of new ideas. They are the same this year, the last, and the year before, and they are likely to be the same forever. Bulls, cows and calves—horses, mares and jacks—big squashes, turnips and potatoes—if you have seen one, you have in effect seen all. Hence when horsewomanship was introduced, three or four years since, it was hailed with general enthusiasm—not that it was so delightful or proper a thing in itself, but because it was at all events a novelty. And now we are glad to perceive that our Southern brethren have achieved another addition to the attractions and incitements of these Fairs, as we learn from the following paragraph from *The Savannah Georgian:*

PREMIUM FOR A LIVE AFRICAN.—The reopening of the African slave-trade seems to be growing in popular favor in this section. At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Chatham and Effingham (Ga.) Agricultural Society, held in our city yesterday, which was attended by all the members of the Committee, it was unanimously resolved to offer a premium of $25 for the best specimen of a live African imported into the United States within the last twelve months—to be exhibited at the next meeting of the Society. It is thought that a fine young prince, a blood relation of the King of Dahomey—a passenger on the late trip of the Rawlins—will take the money, though the honor will be contested by other aspirants.

There, now, is a new feature—something original—a premium calculated to excite a sensation. "Twenty-five dollars for the best specimen of a live African"—that is to say a slave African, for Georgia allows the importation of none other—who must have been imported within the last year. And, as demand and supply reciprocally excite each other, "a fine young prince, a relative of the King of Dahomey," is already booked to take the prize, unless a better assortment of bones and muscles shall be exhibited, as there very likely will be, since the Rawlins is pretty well understood to have brought in 650 human chattels on her recent arrival; and hers is not the only cargo of "live Africans" imported within the last year. It is safe to estimate the number of slaves imported from Africa within this year at twice that of the slaves emancipated and shipped to Liberia. So waiting for slavery to die out under present auspices is likely to be a very patient business.—*Ib.*

To the Editor of The Boston Journal.

Having been for some time up the Congo River, I had a very good opportunity of seeing into the mysteries of the slave trade. Probably you are aware that Congo River is the principal rendezvous for slavers. This river opens to the sea at Cape Padron. It is about four miles wide at the mouth, and averages from two to three miles for a distance of forty miles, or to Point Helena. At this place there are some trading factories established by Americans and Englishmen, for the purpose of bartering with the natives for gum and palm oil, ivory, &c. The natives here recognize no rulers but their own Chiefs. They are a very savage and blood-thirsty set, and think nothing of taking human life. They often attack the factories and rob them, but lately the Portuguese government have sent a small sloop, with two guns and crew of ten men, to protect the factories. About ten miles from this place there is a noted slave factory, kept by a Portuguese. The way he procures the slaves is as follows: On the right bank of the river, going up, there are two tribes. When he wants a supply of slaves, he plies them with whiskey, and makes them large promises, &c., and in a few days they leave for the interior. They are generally gone for about two months, and, if victorious, they return with plenty of prisoners, whom they sell to the slave merchant. The latter gives about $10 each, for man, woman and child, and the slaves are all placed in factories, well guarded by negroes, until such time as they are sent on board the slave ships.

It is a well-known fact that most of the slave ships which visit the river are sent from New York and New Orleans. All they have to do, when they arrive on the African coast, is to keep a good lookout for the English steam cruisers, of which one or more are almost always about the Congo River. They are not afraid of the American men-of-war, which will not trouble them. But they are careful not to be boarded by an English steamer, as they are very strict in overhauling the ship's papers. They watch their opportunity and run into Congo River. If once in, the slaver need not fear. There are plenty of creeks, with deep water, into one of which he runs, and sends down his topgallant royal masts. The long grass and bushes completely hide the vessel from observation. Here he can lay and take in his slaves. He has agents all around to let him know when there is a good chance to make sail and leave the river. If caught, he loses his vessel, and he and his crew are put ashore; if out to sea, at the first land they make—that is if they are caught by the English. They generally send the vessel to Sierra Leone, where she is condemned and broken up, and the slaves are sent to different parts of the coast and made soldiers of, to pay for setting them at liberty.

W. W. W.

ABOLITION OF SERFDOM IN RUSSIA.

Translated from The Economiste Belge (of July 12) for The New York Herald.

SINCE the accession of the Emperor, Alexander II., to the throne, a change of immense importance has taken place in the politics of Russia. During the reign of Nicholas that policy had—as it is well known—the double character of being warlike and ultra conservative. It has now become, to a great extent, peaceful and progressive. The Emperor Nicholas preferred rather to be engaged in external than internal affairs. Impressed with the ideas of conquest and domination of all the politicians of the old school, he thought that the best means to contribute to the grandeur and the prosperity of Russia was to increase in an indefinite manner the extent of her territory, as also to exercise a preponderating influence on European politics. During thirty years he followed that double aim. What has he attained? To raise against Russia a frightful coalition, and thus to show, once more, the incurable sterility of that old policy of war and domination of which he was the most inveterate and the most energetic representative. His successor has had the wisdom to understand that the moment had come to discontinue the traditions of the past and to enter upon a new course. After having honorably concluded the Eastern war, he has courageously undertaken to reform the bad institutions and the administrative abuses which retard the prosperity of the populations of his immense empire. Under the influence of that new spirit, important modifications have been introduced into the tariff, to the great benefit of trade, and even of industry. The government has afterwards endeavored to reduce the bulk of paper currency, which depreciated the circulation, the amount of which was at the beginning of last year as large as 689,280,000 silver rubles (2,757,000,000 francs). Sixty millions of rubles have just been withdrawn and burnt, and that will not be all. The government intends also to abandon entirely the working of the mines and give up the imperial manufactories to private industry. On the other hand, it is investigating the administrative and judiciary reforms. It has already begun with the first in making it a rule to reduce, as much as possible, the number of employés and to increase their salaries. The second is in a fair way; the routine is yet opposed to the introduction of publicity in the debates; but the routine will be conquered, and the light brought into the sanctuary of the law will chase away venality and corruption. Finally, a still more important reform than the latter, the abolition of serfdom, which presses on two-thirds of the population of Russia, has become an object of favor with every one. As may be seen, this is a question of economical and social transformation, not less complete or deep than that which the reformers of 1789 wanted to introduce into France, more complete and deeper even, for serfdom did not exist in the France of 1789. It

a body of peasants strongly united, and whose association could become the centre of serious resistance. Doubtless he might have attempted to break up this association; but it seems that the difficulties and dangers of such an enterprise would have surpassed the advantages which might accrue from it; for the old communal system of Russia continued existing in its integrity after the establishment of serfdom. The peasants continued administering themselves, or, more properly, rather nominating and recalling the magistrates or ancients (Starchina) entrusted with the government of the community. As to the nobles being unable to destroy the communal organization, they availed themselves of it for simplifying the management of their domains. Instead of individually treating with each family for the fixing of the *corvée*, they found it more convenient to treat with the association of families—that is to say, with the community. Therefore they required from the community in exchange for the portion of land, the use of which they accorded to them, a certain quantity of *corvées*, leaving to the peasants themselves, or rather to the administration elected by them, the care of making amongst the families that double apportioning of land and *corvée*. This system offered the noble the advantage of rendering more simple and economical the management of his domains; at the same time it presented to the peasant a guarantee, easily appreciated, against the abuses of oppression. There was left the difficulty of establishing the apportionment of land and *corvées* in a way as equitable as possible. This task everywhere devolved on the magistrates or ancients of the community, and it must be observed, to the praise of the Russian peasants, that it was always enacted with the greatest regularity and without causing the least disorder.

All the lands, says M. Tegoborsky, whose working is conceded to the peasants of a village, are divided into as many lots as there are hearths or families. As the community is in the bulk responsible for the taxes and rents which are due by each of its members, it has also to make the distribution. The extent of these lots is apportioned to the number of members of each family, with due regard to its wants and to the hands it can dispose of for the culture of the soil which is bestowed on it. When a son marries during the lifetime of his father, he has a right to a lot, which he is to work for his own account. When there are perceptible inequalities in the fertility of the soil, the distribution of it is made equal by giving to every one a portion of the soil of each quality. When the extent of the land exceeds the strict wants of the population, viz., the normal proportion judged necessary for the subsistence of each family, the surplus is adjudged to the most wealthy peasants, to those who dispose of the greatest number of hands fit for labor, who have more cattle, and, in general, more means of cultivating at their disposal, often even against their will, and they contribute in proportion to the taxes of the community. This distribution is usually made with much equity and judgment.

However, as inequalities in such a distribution are unavoidable, it is renewed at fixed periods, ordinarily at each general census of the population, viz., every twenty five years. In an agricultural point of view this system has inconveniencies of which we shall treat at another time; but the system of serfdom being given, was it not better, for the interest of the serf, that the noble had to treat with a community rather than with isolated individuals?

Therefore, the constitution of the Russian community was the first check opposed to the abuses of serfdom. The intervention of the government, tending to limit the monopoly accorded to the noble with regard to the labor of the serf, was the second.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti Slavery Standard*, 138 *Nassau street, New York.*"

HOW COMES PIETY TO SUPPORT SLAVERY?

VERY few things in this world are wholly evil. If we analyze a revival of the popular American religion—such as that which passed its culminating point some weeks ago, and is now subsiding to the ordinary level of indifference, thence to be again fanned into a flame some years hence—we shall find some unquestionably good elements in it. Whether these good elements, on the whole, preponderate—whether they are allowed to have their natural operation and development, or are so perverted and distorted as to do more harm than good—is a question that has been very little attended to, because the Church does not choose, and "the world" does not care, to attend to it. We propose now to look, for a few minutes, at one of the good raw materials which the leaders of a "revival" manufacture into an instrument of evil.

Unfortunately, the majority of men in many things forget, and in many things disregard, their Creator. This is not strange, if we bear in mind that an unlovely and caricatured image of that Creator has always been held up before them by their religious teachers. To the "natural" human heart, that is to man as God made him, the idea of God presented in most churches, on most Sundays, is a very unattractive idea, and they naturally think as little of it as they can. The rulers in these synagogues craftily press this fact into their service, and say that this accords with the representation of the Bible, that the natural heart (the heart as God made it) is at enmity with God. And since their hearers are imprudent enough to take this for granted without examination—without "proving" it by the reason which God has given them, and which Paul advises them to apply to "all things"—both these false ideas, the unloveliness of God and the "natural" enmity to Him, remain fixed in their minds, to come up as truths whenever they shall feel obliged to think of the subjects in question.

We know, by abundance of evidence, extending through a long and varied experience, that the American Church is "the bulwark of slavery." How came it to be so? How did it become possible for the first clergyman to declare, how did it become possible for the first parishioner to admit, so enormous a falsehood as that God, the Father of all human beings, allows one of them to *own* another as his property, and to do with him or her *just what he pleases?* allows one of them, without any contract or consent of the other, nay, against his most earnest protest and opposition, to suppress half the powers and faculties of that other, and to expend the other half, from birth to death, in the promotion of his own profit or pleasure? How did the promulgation and the reception of this infamous lie first become possible?

We judge that it became possible through these two facts; first, that the idea of God already fixed in the public mind by the received teachers of religion attributed to Him (among many representations of an opposite kind) such selfishness, and such other limitations of character as naturally tended to the practice of injustice; and next, that the book which they presented to the public as the inspired record of His dealings with men (among many representations of an opposite character) attributes to Him not only specific acts, but elaborate courses, of *practical* injustice. In short, such a character of God had been customarily taught, and fixed in the minds of men, as would allow the supposition of his approval of a thing so essentially unjust as slaveholding. We do not forget the essential difference between Jewish servitude and American slavery (shown by many other evidences besides the fact that the Hebrew "fugitive law" was exclusively for the benefit of servants, whereas ours is exclusively for the benefit of masters); what we assert is that the Scriptural representation of the dealings of Jehovah with the Jews includes the ascription to him of injustice as gross as that of American slavery; and that our clergy represent the one true God, revealed by Jesus of Nazareth as the Father and Friend of all men, to be identical with the Jewish Jehovah, and to have done all the unjust things which are reported of *him*.

Thus, when a member of Dr. South-side Adams's Church reads his representation that God, the God whom Christians worship, has actually appointed one family of men to be the slaves, the property, the movable chattels of another family of men—he does not receive from this statement the shock, the vivid emotion of horror and repugnance which a Christian would receive; he has already had fixed in his mind the idea that God has done many similar things, and shown similar characteristics; that, after creating of one blood all nations of the earth, He chose one people to be His especial favorites, and treated them as such; that He loved Jacob and hated Esau, in spite of the fact that Jacob was the worse and Esau the better man; that He commanded the Hebrews to destroy, with excessive and shocking cruelty, certain specified nations, and to subjugate other nations, taking forcible possession of the territory of both; that He repeatedly promised that *all* nations should ultimately be subjugated beneath their power; and that while He treated them with special and miraculous favor, making His very punishments conduce to their restoration and improvement, He manifested towards other nations a malevolent spirit of vengeance, treading them down in His anger, trampling them in His fury, wasting and devoting to utter ruin all those glorious capacities for improvement and progression which necessarily belong to beings endowed with reason and conscience.

South-side Adams's people, we say, have been prepared, by such representations of God, assiduously inculcated upon them, week after week, for the last quarter of a century, to believe that He would commission one man to own another, and require that other to consent to be owned. Even when glimpses of the truth chance to reach them from other sources, they unconsciously misinterpret and pervert them. Thus, when they read the account of the pillar, found near Carthage, bearing an inscription in the Phenician language to the effect that the city there built was founded by a foreign people, who came and settled upon that coast, "having been driven from their native land by the robber Joshua," they find in it only a confirmation of the statement in the Hebrew Scriptures that Joshua drove out the Canaanites from the cities they had built, and the land on which they were born; and they do not at all suspect the fact that Joshua *was* a robber, leading a band of filibusters to murder and plunder the people of the country they invaded, and with no more right than Cortez had in Mexico, Pizarro in Peru, or Walker in Central America. Their spiritual guide has, through his whole ministry, fortified them in the monstrous delusion that the true God sent Joshua to do this work of butchery; and authorized Samuel to hew Agag in pieces; and blessed above all women her who had committed an infamous murder under the guise of hospitality, driving a nail through the head of one who had sought and received concealment from his pursuers in her tent, and with whom her husband's household were "at peace."

Thus, that very reverence for their Creator which would lead the worshippers of a perfect God to aspire towards conformity to perfect excellence, and to make nearer and nearer approaches to such conformity in their lives, fortifies the devotees of the popular American religion in the ideas they hear inculcated from the pulpit, to the effect that the proper service of God often admits, and sometimes requires, deliberate violation of the rights of man.

What, then, are we to judge of the influence of a *revival* of this popular American religion, aroused by the prayer-meetings and tract-distributions, and so directed as to enlarge the numbers and the influence, of a Church which has already proved itself the great bulwark of American slavery? Must it not necessarily tend to fortify slavery, transferring thousands of men and women in the North from the position of worldlings to that of churchlings; taking thousands from a position where their natural instincts of justice and humanity might be successfully appealed to in behalf of the slaves, and persuading them that *God* appointed that concentration of injustice, which we call slavery, giving to "his chosen people"—whether ancient filibusters or modern slaveholding members of the Tract Society—the right to oppress such of their fellowmen as they could subdue? If South-side Adams—standing upon this vantage-ground, which his whole ministry has been spent in building up—can persuade his hearers of the "reasonableness" of eternal damnation, can he not much more persuade them that the same vengeful deity who appointed *that*, from all eternity, "for his own good pleasure," has authorized so much of earthly resemblance to it as exists on the plantations of Rev. Dr. Brownlow and Deacon Netherland?

We see reason, then, to believe that even feelings so excellent as reverence for God, a desire to conform ourselves to His will, and a purpose to devote our powers to the extension of His earthly kingdom, are perverted by the clergy of the popular religion to the sustenance of the system of slavery. Should we not, then, see the need of rescuing those portions of the religious community which have been thus misled from an error so enormous? Should we not understand that God has given us in charge to vindicate His truth from this perversion which is thrust upon the victims of sect all around us, and to show that the ascription of injustice to Him is libellous and blasphemous, and that equally in His ancient and His present dealings with men? And when a priestly apologist for oppression, having made an assertion so monstrously improbable as that God now authorizes slavery, seeks to fortify it by the equally libellous assertion that God formerly authorized wholesale murder, are we not to meet him on this ground also? are we not to demand evidence, and *sufficient* evidence, of his assertion, as well as display the grounds upon which our own contrary assertion is founded?

A clergyman highly esteemed in the popular Churches—in a sermon recently published, entitled "The Growth of the Kingdom of Heaven"—after alleging some particulars in which, he says, Christianity is not, and never can be, progressive, states that Christianity *is* progressive in the application of its principles to the details of human duty. We should suppose that the progression here spoken of should be affirmed rather of the interpreters than of the system. It is, however, undoubtedly true that a juster application of the principles of Christianity to the business of life has been made in our day than ever before. And it is equally true that some of the most important details of this progression have been published to the world by Abolitionists, in regard to slavery and kindred abuses, which might before this time have been overthrown by the people, had they not been upheld by the influence of the clergy.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

ON Monday last, when the enthusiasm which followed the first glad announcement that the Atlantic Telegraph Cable had been successfully laid from shore to shore had given place to a painful anxiety lest, on account of some unforeseen obstacle, it should turn out to be valueless as a means of intercommunication between the two hemispheres, the public heart was thrilled by the intelligence from Trinity Bay that the long expected message from Queen Victoria to the President of the United States had been transmitted through the submerged wire! This demonstration that the great scientific enterprise of the age was a complete success was received with acclamations of the wildest joy throughout the whole land. Bells rung out their merriest peals, guns were fired, rockets were sent up at various points, and cities and villages were illuminated.

The message from the Queen was preceded by the following:

To the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, New York.

Europe and America are united by telegraph. Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men. (Signed) DIRECTORS ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, GREAT BRITAIN.

The Queen's message, as first received, embraced only a single sentence, as follows:

To the Honorable the President of the United States.

Her Majesty desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

This message was received by the President with strong doubts of its genuineness. It seemed incredible that the Queen of Great Britain should express herself upon such an occasion in language so meagre and inadequate. Mr. Buchanan postponed his reply until he received the following despatch:

TRINITY BAY, Monday, Aug. 16—7 p. m.

The Message to the President, purporting to be from the Queen, actually came over the Atlantic Cable from Valentia, Ireland, and is unquestionably authentic. The President's reply will be sent as soon as received.

A. MACKAY, Superintendent.

The President, thus assured, replied as follows:

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 16, 1858.

To Her Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain.

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of her Majesty the Queen on the success of the great international enterprise, accomplished by the science, skill and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred Nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty and law throughout the world. In this view, will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities? (Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

On Tuesday, the unsatisfactory nature of the Queen's message was explained by the fact that, as first transmitted from Trinity Bay, it was incomplete. The first sentence had been taken by the operators as if it were the whole! The following despatch explains the occasion of this mistake:

TRINITY BAY, Tuesday, Aug. 17.

E. M. ARCHIBALD, New York:

The Queen's Message was completed at 5 o'clock this morning. It was commenced yesterday, and during its reception Valentia desisted sending it, in order to make some slight repairs in the Cable. Through a mistake, the part received was sent south as if it constituted the whole Message. DE SANTY.

The Queen's message, complete, is as follows:

To the President of the United States, Washington.

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the Electric Cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

While it is no longer doubtful that messages can be transmitted over the Atlantic Cable, there is still reason to fear that unforeseen difficulties may postpone the period of its complete success. The latest despatch from Trinity Bay at this time (Wednesday) is as follows:

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Tuesday, Aug. 17.

Mr. De Santy, the electrician-in-chief at Trinity Bay, says that he is unable to give any information, for publication, as the working of the Cable, but that the time necessary for the transmission of the President's Message depends on its length, and the condition of the line and instruments at the time—perhaps, under favorable circumstances, an hour and a half. The reception of the Queen's Message was commenced early yesterday morning, and not finished until this morning; but it was stopped for several hours to allow of repairs to the Cable. The fragment of the message transmitted yesterday was handed to the Newfoundland Line as the genuine entire message, and was supposed here to be such until this morning.

The Boston Advertiser has private intelligence (says *The Tribune*) from Trinity Bay, asserting that the delay in sending messages across the Atlantic is owing to two causes. It appears that in the passage of one electrical signal across the ocean, not only is an appreciable time consumed, but the signal itself changes, in a degree, its original character. It is, so to speak, stretched out. A signal, which, on a short line, would seem perfectly sharp and prompt, takes the form of a long wave, and requires from six to ten seconds to declare itself between the beginning of its effect and its end. Between what such a signal would be at the end of a short wire and what it is at the end of the Atlantic wires there is somewhat the same difference as between the shortest (staccato) blast of a whistle and a note drawn out with the swell of an organ, to the length of six or even ten seconds. A distinct feature to be observed is the swell of the prolonged signal. It has most force in the middle of its period, and gains and loses that force gradually. The ordinary instruments in use for telegraphing are not adapted to such peculiarities in the electric signals, and therefore material alterations will have to be made. Hence the delay.

ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION —CELEBRATION AT CHRISTIANA, PA.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE twenty-fourth anniversary of British West India Emancipation was celebrated by the colored people, and the friends of the slave generally, on Saturday, August 7th, at Christiana. A more beautiful morning, in every respect, none could have desired; nor could there have been selected in all Pennsylvania a more suitable locality for a celebration than this very spot. As will be borne in mind, this is the place where, in 1851, shortly after the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, the first combat between the master and his property took place; where Edward Gorsuch, a Maryland slaveholder, was shot dead, and his son Dickinson and others were left on the ground bleeding, severely wounded and half dead; where H. H. Kline & Co., U. S. Deputy Marshals, found that the "*peace measures*" were working to their danger—that some of their party were catching "red-hot shot" instead of fugitives, and that the better part of valor consisted in the fleetness of their heels; where "Uncle Sam," under the command of Judge Kane and Edward D. Ingraham, marched the United States troops and arrested CASTNER HANWAY and JOSEPH SCARLETT, respectable and unoffending Quakers, and old friend CLARKSON (a Methodist exhorter), and about thirty other civil and hard-working colored men, on the grave charge of "High Treason." Associated with this remarkable event, it must also be borne in mind that Christiana is surrounded by some of the truest and oldest friends of the anti-slavery cause in this State; hence it was expected by the committee of arrangements that an audience creditable to the place and occasion would be in attendance, to provide for which no pains had been spared. They had secured the services of WM. WELLS BROWN as the especial orator of the day, and Anderson's excellent Band to furnish music, with refreshments, &c., in abundance. Thus, at about ten o'clock, the assembly were duly formed into a procession, and, with beautiful and appropriate banners hoisted, the Band in the lead, all marched to the grove designed for the occasion. At this time the audience was very large, and seemed quite prepared to hear Mr. Brown. After a few introductory remarks from Mr. MILLER, the chairman of the committee, Mr. BROWN spoke for an hour and a half, to the evident delight and satisfaction of all present. He dwelt ably and eloquently upon the horrors of slavery in the West Indies before emancipation—clearly depicted the struggles that the friends of emancipation had to encounter up to the hour of release—described in a touching manner the joyous emotions with which the slaves hailed the first dawn of freedom, and traced the workings of emancipation, in its various phases, up to the present day; after which, he turned the attention of his audience to slavery in this country, in the nineteenth century, under republicanism, and concluded with an earnest appeal to colored men to enter heartily into the work of their own elevation, to use all possible diligence to cultivate their minds, to acquire property, and to encourage enterprises of every description having a tendency to promote their elevation.

On his taking his seat the Band again delighted the audience with music, after which the various refreshment tables were visited, and a bountiful dinner was enjoyed.

By three o'clock an immense audience had assembled, and almost every visage seemed to wear an aspect of satisfaction and joy.

The audience, anxious to hear another speech from Mr. Brown, he was accordingly the first introduced in the afternoon. His remarks on this occasion were devoted to slavery in general, and prejudice in particular. It is needless to say that prejudice was fully exposed, and many of its ridiculous features caused hearty merriment.

On the conclusion of Mr. Brown's speech, THOMAS WHITSON was called out, and made an able and practical speech, which was listened to with marked attention.

The remaining portion of the day was devoted, with some slight exceptions, to recreation and pleasure in a becoming manner.

Upon the whole, it was the largest, most orderly and interesting celebration that we have ever attended; for which much praise is due the committee of arrangements, S. C. Miller, J. M. White, J. Mackrey, H. Johnson, I. Miller, J. Seymour, J. Hall. W. I. E.

Christiana, August, 1858.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Chandler, U. S. Senator from Michigan, was badly injured recently by a gas explosion in his own house at Detroit. The *Free Press* says he will be disfigured for life, and in a marked manner. His face will suffer the most from the ravages of the fire—the lips, forehead and nose bearing evident traces of it, which will remain in the form of scars. The hands are also badly burned, so much so that a large portion of the skin came off in dressing the wounds. Mr. C. is doing as well as can be expected, however.

A clergyman, in the Springfield *Republican*, writing from London, describes a visit he made to hear the celebrated Mr. Spurgeon preach. He did not like him. He says:

"Mr. Spurgeon has the appearance of a fat, overgrown boy. He is unctuous-looking and unwholesome. Much fat kills a saint, as far as outside appearance counts. The man is not cast in a noble mould, is not natively full of pure and lofty instincts. His theology is purely conventional. He has not soul enough to come at religion first-hand. He appeals to a low order of motives. His heaven is sensuous, his hell sulphurous. Mr. Spurgeon talks of visiting America. He will make a great mistake if he does. He shines so preeminently here because of the low state of pulpit eloquence in the land. His whole tone is below the mark of congregations he would address in America. The intellect of the masses in England is far less active than with us. Mr. Spurgeon does not share my opinion in respect to the wisdom of his going to America. He is excessively conceited, and has in his mind Whitfield's triumphant progresses through the States. He alluded to the possibility of his crossing the sea before his sermon, and in an exceedingly egotistical way."

Some of the daily journals of New York, in announcing the fact that Miss Margaretta Fox was on Sunday last received into the Catholic Church, have done her gross wrong by the gratuitous and unwarrantable assumption that, in becoming a Catholic, she renounced Spiritualism. One or two papers have indeed more than hinted that she made confession that her "mediumship" and that of her sisters was a fraud. All such stories are both false and foolish. The Catholic Church, no more than the Episcopal, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, or the Baptist, requires a renunciation of Spiritualism on the part of those who enter into its communion; the proof of which may be seen in the simple fact that D. D. Hume, the most conspicuous "medium" in the world, is a member of that Church. Miss Fox, in becoming a Catholic, has neither confessed herself to have been an impostor nor become an accuser of her mother and sisters, to whom she is fondly attached and with whom she lives.

POLITICS.

Gen. Joseph Lane and Delazon Smith have been chosen U. S. Senators by the State Legislature of Oregon.

The (Richmond) *South* says of the nomination of Gerrit Smith for Governor, "We trust that he may be induced to run, as that would ensure a triumphant Democratic success, notwithstanding the divisions which continue to disturb the Democracy of the State."

The Yates Co. *Chronicle* contains a communication proposing Horace Greeley as the Republican candidate for Governor. Mr. Greeley has been spoken of as a candidate in former years, and, if nominated, would doubtless command many votes that another man in the same place would lose. On the other hand, he would lose some which another might gain. Many are opposed to him on account of his disposition to make compromises with other parties, instead of standing firmly by the Republican platform.

An effort is being made by influential Republicans in this State to form a union with the remnant of the Know-Nothings; and in order to effect this object it is proposed to dilute still further the anti-slavery of the Republican party. J. T. Headley, late Secretary of State under the Know-Nothing Administration, is out with a letter in which he seeks to reconcile *his* party to such a union upon the ground that the Republicans, "a few zealous Abolitionists" excepted, "though still opposed to slavery, *have moderated materially from the views and feelings that characterized the extraordinary campaign of* 1856." We expect to see the Republican party justifying by its future action this statement of Mr. Headley. What a dirty, down-hill road must he travel who allies himself to a political party!

No movement can be made, officially, for the organization of a State Government in Kansas before the next meeting of the Territorial Legisture in January next. That Legislature will doubtless call a Convention to frame a Constitution, but the latter can hardly finish its work before the end of the present Congress, on the fourth of March. No regular application is therefore likely to be made for the admission of Kansas until December, 1859. It was estimated that before the spring and summer emigration of 1858 there were 40,000 inhabitants in Kansas. The population has probably increased by ten thousand during the present season. As the whole Democratic party, without any exception, thought Kansas fit for a slave State with 40,000, how can any of them refuse to admit her as a free State with 50,000?

We have a letter from a citizen of Madison County, who was present at the Convention which nominated Gerrit Smith for Governor, assuring us that the reports of that Convention in the Republican and other journals were in some important respects untrue. He says that the Convention was attended by some four or five hundred persons, and that "*The Tribune* uttered a rank falsehood when it declared that 'not more than seven voted on the final question of nomination.' The fact was that from 150 to 200 voted for the nomination, and there was not a dissenting voice." Certain Republicans, according to this writer, behaved in a mobocratic manner, being determined to defeat the object of the Convention if possible. Our correspondent says:

"The prospect of Mr. Smith's election grows brighter every hour. The Temperance men are tired of being trifled with; poverty, insanity and crime are frightfully increasing; the floodgates of intemperance are wide open, and the friends of temperance require prompt and bold action, and they know that Gerrit Smith possesses both wisdom and courage.

"The rank and file of the Republican party are true to liberty; they also are tired of being trifled with—they see that, through the efforts mainly of the radical Abolitionists of Massachusetts, the old Bay State is fast becoming a free State. She passed her Personal Liberty bill more than three years ago; the putrid presence of Judge Loring no longer defiles her Judiciary; and now her people are getting ready to take an attitude of bold defiance toward the Slave Power and its poor tool, the Federal Government, by passing laws to forbid the placing *any man upon trial to decide 'whether he be a man or a chattel.'* As surely as she *has* done the two things first named, she *will* do the last and fill the measure of her glory. The mass of the Republicans of the Empire State blush to know that while Massachusetts is doing this, a little Kansas screeching in *The Tribune* and a good deal of talk upon Lecompton and anti-Lecompton is the substance of all the wishes and doings of the *leaders* of the Republican party in the State of New York. They know also that the Republican party must take *higher ground or die!* that they have not vitality enough to meet another Presidential contest. They look back ten years to the Buffalo Convention, and remember that the platform of the old Barnburner party was heaven-high, compared to the position which the Republican party occupy to-day. They know also that it is the effect of following their time-serving leaders, the old party hacks who once pulled the wires for and managed that everlasting disgrace to humanity, the 'log cabin and hard cider campaign.' They feel all this, and they remember that Gerrit Smith knows no law for slavery. In the U. S. Constitution or not, HE KNOWS NO LAW FOR SLAVERY! They know, too, that the election of Gerrit Smith to the office of Governor of New York would be a blow under which the Slave Power would reel; that his election would be the first step toward making New York a free State. They remember, also, that, but a short time since, Gerrit Smith went to Albany and labored hard and long to get a Personal Liberty bill through the Legislature, and that he lacked *twelve votes only* of success, most of these being withheld by *recreant Republicans*, the *tools of the leaders of the Republican party.*

"The Republican masses, too, are getting tired of hearing forever of Kansas, that 'Boriboola Gha' of the Republican leaders. They want a little, just a little, liberty for *themselves;* they want the liberty of giving a night's shelter and a bit of bread to any wandering fugitive from slavery who may chance to ask it at their hands, without the risk of fine and imprisonment for so doing; and in view of all these things, they hail the nomination of Gerrit Smith with joy. His nomination has doubtless spoilt many a well-laid plan of office-seekers and political aspirants, but the march of Freedom and Temperance MUST GO ON! let what will befall the bloodsuckers of party.

"The mass of the Republicans see Mr. Smith's position with clear vision, and, from the cheering words which reach us daily, we know they rejoice that the step was taken. They will be too wise to oppose his election because he did not receive his nomination from a *packed convention* of *delegates.* The Republican party have not so often tasted the sweets of victory as to have become cloyed by them. They do not desire to be beaten by the bastard Democracy, and will, in spite of disappointed party leaders, rally around that staunch veteran in the war of freedom, Gerrit Smith."

Our views of political action under the U. S. Constitution would in any contingency forbid us to cast a vote for Mr. Smith; yet we should much rather see *him* elected Governor than any other man who is likely to be a candidate for the office. But we believe his enthusiastic friends vastly overrate his popularity—that, in short, there is no more probability of his inauguration as Governor on the first of January next than there is that he will on that day be struck with lightning. All the talk about the *masses* being ready to put a radical Abolitionist into the Governor's chair, and being hindered from so doing by the influence of political leaders, is mere bosh. The masses in this State are far, very far from being as earnestly opposed to slavery as this notion would imply; and it will take years of faithful effort to make them so. If Mr. Smith, instead of running for office and spending money to promote his own election, would devote his time and means to the promotion of the cause in the "good old way," without identifying himself with the scrambles of political parties, he would, in our judgment, exhibit more wisdom and do a thousand-fold more for the slave.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. August. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

It affords all the pleasure of a riddle, or of the game of shadows, to take up our favorite magazine.

"Then you do not know, sir, who these writers are, of whose qualities you speak with all the confidence of personal knowledge?"

Not in the least, was our reply. We purposely keep ourselves free from such hampering knowledge. It might embarrass the judgment. One should only judge the article, and calculate, as from the shadow on the wall, the shape and make of the personage that casts it. Literature is the shadow of life, sometimes only its muffler, too often only its fancy dress.

But more of the real outline of things is slowly becoming visible in American literature, in proportion as American life escapes from the masking and mumming of slavery, and our favorite magazine leads the line of shadows.

The article in the present number that most strongly secures attention is on Farming Life in New England. There is in it that clear perception of something uncomfortable, and that hearty desire to remedy it, which characterizes the sincere, devoted young clergyman. (It is written by an old statesman, for anything we know beyond the pages to the contrary.) But, to find the remedy for a difficulty, seek first its cause. This the writer has overlooked. There is such a thing as Manifest Destiny, although covetousness and prejudice, filibustering and slaveholding have been so often christened by its name, in all our churches, as to make the very word seem a jest. That Cuba should be a slaveholding island for the support of United States Democracy is *not* manifest destiny, only manifest crime and outrage. That the great agriculture of Russia should find its outlet, to feed the world, through the ports of the Black Sea is manifest destiny. That a country like New England, whose natural riches is in rocks and ice, should present strong attractions to farmers is *against* manifest destiny. Farmers here know this. Not being enchained in the temporary destiny of narrow national limits, those of them who wish to better the condition of their families—to rise in the world, as they say—make a rough calculation, somewhat like the following:

Two dollars a day as a shoemaker—a quarter of a dollar a day as a carpenter—and a little homestead, with strength and time enough left at odd moments for flowers round the house, with a cow, and a piano in due season for the children. It is *not* so hard work as ploughing, haying, hoeing, milking and washing the farmers' shirts, that "*tucker a man all out*" by the time he's fifty, and the women worse. We can afford "help" upon a good trade; we can't upon a poor farm; and all farms here at home are comparatively poor ones, which leave no time or strength to beautify, and so make of stoicism a virtue, and of half-gentlemanly farming a vice—the vice of bankruptcy. If we stay here, therefore, it shall be as mechanics and manufacturers; and if we continue farmers, it shall be in Ceredo, Sonora, Nebraska, Missouri—anywhere but here, where it does not pay anybody but the market gardeners.

These are the "new ideas"—the old American audacious common sense—which prevent the formation of a farming caste in New England, and send her best population to take the lead in every new State in the Union.

"Thanks be to praise," as the farmers say, the Atlantic Cable is down; and the chances of free choice are consequently multiplying for the people of Switzerland, Scotland, and the little German States, to better *their* condition in like manner; for the tie to the world at large has grown stronger, and the tie to any particular acre of it feebler, since that great bridal-knot of earth and sky was tied last week, which is to demonstrate the fact that all interests, truly understood, are one. National policy is to become another thing; nationality itself to cease to suggest ideas of division; and as acres are no longer representatives of honor in countries of unlimited territorial area, so the old English idea of "condition," now attaching to landed property in that small island, will begin to die out, and Pope's admired lines at length, by proper management, be realized:

"Honor and shame from *no* conditions rise;
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

A comparatively short time will divide the world, not, as now, into adverse nations, but into a vanguard of affiliated nations and a rear-rank of more helpless and ignorant ones, encouraged by the advance to follow after as fast as they gain strength and knowledge. Surely the Cable is a sufficient excuse for a vision of Utopia or the New Jerusalem.

The feeling and the tone of this excellently written article on New England Farming Life are true and beautiful. Its sincerity redeems its want of experience, and its good will its lack of insight into causes. It is, altogether, the most interesting article in this last *and best* number of the *Atlantic Monthly.*

The Salons of Paris, the *pendant* to the New England farm-houses, has the same failing of want of insight and experience, but it is a resolute attempt to make use of the experience of others for a literary purpose. It is a conscientious study, a well-written essay, what the French call a *travail serieux;* and yet it fails to go to the foundations of the things it discusses, or to enter the house it would describe. The writer has not the key. It may, for anything we know, be written by an aged Frenchman. Indeed, there are, here and there, in the outline of the shadow upon the wall, the traces of such a figure. But there is a husky want of sympathy with France and her people, which indicates the native of some other country, to whose inhabitants sympathy and society are not the first need. Such a person seeks another land to study life, not to live; and, the artificial position completely disabling him from obtaining real experience, he can only get literary knowledge, and is liable to commit what Frenchmen define to be a *bêtise.* "C'est oublier la chose essentielle." As when, for example, he should suppose it possible to treat of French salons to much edification without going deep into politics, or of American ones without touching upon millinery and upholstery, or of our ward-rooms without speaking of candidates, or of our benevolent societies without adverting to ecclesiastical policy.

The monologue of the Breakfast-Table is, as usual, inferior to no paper of the kind ever furnished to any periodical within our recollection. There is in this writer a certain reality of scientific knowledge which makes him strong enough to trust with grace and ease to his nature. The poetry *is* poetry; but why will he persist in using such words as *Musa!* It is such little things as this that enable us to laugh so heartily when Jack Downing says to Jackson, "Now, Gineral, give 'em a little *Latting!*—E pluribus unum, Sine qua non!" But the Autocrat shall be pardoned upon giving us a good silver-footed Latin poem. (Not that we shall be able to give a judgment of it worth having, being simply of those *gens du monde* for whose behoof learned men pour out their profound stores into shallow vessels.) In his confessions to the Muse let him remember that it is never too late to mend—that one must not keep sinning and repenting—that doubtless his invocation, in these later anti-slavery days, may be graciously answered, since

"——*Freedom's* tread
Comes in through ruins, late, but not in vain,
Making each blighted place all green with life again."

We wish we could make room for the whole invocation. But here are "the two first and the four last verses," as the old white-haired New England ministers used to say over the well-worn pulpit copy of Watts.

MUSA.

O my lost beauty!—hast thou folded quite
Thy wings of morning light
Beyond those iron gates
Where Life crowds hurrying to the haggard Fates,
And Age upon his mound of ashes waits
To chill our fiery dreams,
Hot from the heart of youth plunged in his icy streams?

Leave me not fading in these weeds of care,
Whose flowers are silvered hair!
Have I not loved thee long,
Though my young lips have often done thee wrong
And vexed thy heaven-tuned ear with careless song?
Ah, wilt thou yet return,
Bearing thy rose hued torch, and bid thine altar burn?

Sit by me drifting on the sleepy waves—
Or stretched by grass-grown graves,
Whose gray, high-shouldered stones,
Carved with old names life's time-worn refl disowns,
Lean, lie en-spotted, o'er the crumbled bones
Still slumbering where they lay
While the sad Pilgrim watched to scare the wolf away!

Spread o'er my couch thy visionary wing!
Still let me dream and sing—
Dream of that winding shore
Where scarlet cardinals bloom—for me no more—
The stream with heaven beneath its liquid floor,
And clustering nenuphars
Sprinkled its mirrored blue like golden-chalieed stars!

Come while their balms the linden-blossoms shed!
Come while the rose is red,
While blue-eyed summer smiles
O'er the green ripples round you sunken piles
Washed by the moon-wave warm from Indian isles,
And on the sultry air
The chestnuts spread their palms like holy men in prayer!

Oh for thy burning lips to fire my brain
With thrills of wild sweet pain!
On life's autumnal blast,
Like shriveled leaves, youth's passion-flowers are cast—
Once loving thee, we love thee to the last!
Behold thy new-decked shrine,
And hear once more the voice that breathed "Forever thine!

The "Trustees' Lament" is rather a play of words than the play of wit, but it is clever. There are two serious moral defects in it. One is the classing of acts of the profoundest baseness and the most dishonoring meanness—such as one man's claiming the scientific discovery or idea of another—among things to be lightly laughed off; the other, indulging in a laugh at those who fulfil, at their own cost, under the world's heaviest cannonading, the one duty of all others most indisputably such—of seeking for truth and proclaiming the result of the search. Yet there is something in the good-natured tone of the whole satire which relieves the reader of the apprehension that these two defects are other than those of mere carelessness. Much is to be pardoned to the laughing philosopher. He gets a habit of it, and it is not a bad habit; only it must not be sported on the wrong occasions.

We must not forget the little poem made beautiful by religious sentiment and the long sound of e. The penultimate verse might have easily been made harmonious. There was no need of ending a line with (of all words!) "utility."

The criticism on Mr. Choate is brilliant, logical, witty, second-rate. It *may* be that the platform where we find it is not strong enough to bear the discharge of first rate ordnance. The periodical that can is a first-rate one. Here it was the deadliest sin, to which first-rate power ought to have administered the severest condemnation; and it is only civilly scoffed at, as one political antagonist may at another. The man that spent his earlier life, of the finest powers, in saving criminals from justice, has now changed his hand, and is giving his last years to procure the condemnation of the innocent, by millions, to slavery in perpetuity!

"Oh, the offence is rank! it smells to heaven!
It hath the eldest primal curse upon it!—
A brother's murder!"

The most distressful and disgraceful pass at which our nation now halts is indicated by the fact that its gentlemen *can*, for a moment, treat such men as Mr. Choate as other than the most dishonored criminals against society. Courtesy from the judgment-seat is due to such—and the administration of capital punishment—each man his own executioner of what *he* esteems the severest sentence.

"*My* curse shall be forgiveness,"

as said the great English bard of the nineteenth century. Mr. Choate *did* fight *one* battle shoulder to shoulder with Abolitionists—the battle that made Massachusetts free soil, except where the Upas shadow of the pro-slavery clauses of the United States Constitution fall. Let him fight with us the next campaign to the foot of their accursed growth, and help us to hew them down, and all

the rank of Major-General by commission from the King, and had a baronetcy bestowed upon him for his military services. He belonged, however, to that much-abused class, the Tories of the American Revolution, and is therefore far less known and less honored than he ought to be. By New England especially is he entitled to be remembered with gratitude, for he devoted himself most faithfully and zealously to her interests, both in war and peace. An evidence of the spirit by which he was governed is evinced in the answer which he gave to George II. when he was presented at court, after the conquest of Louisburg, in which famous and important achievement Sir William Pepperrel commanded. "How," said the King, "can I best reward your great services?" The General replied: "By keeping a sufficient force on the Banks of Newfoundland to protect the thousands of fishermen for whom I find employment there." For this noble answer the King presented him with a superb snuff-box, which is now in possession of a descendant of his, Mr. George A. Ward, of Staten Island. The people of the coast of New England have to this day to be thankful for the care with which this branch of industry, of so much importance to them, was early cared for and protected.

This interesting biography, which is evidently written by one perfectly familiar with the history of the day, is accompanied by a finely engraved portrait of Sir William Pepperrell, taken from a picture in the Gallery of the Essex Institute at Salem, Mass. We have no doubt there are some among our readers who will thank us for calling their attention both to the portrait and the article which it illustrates.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE FREE CONVENTION, held at Rutland, Vt., June 25th, 26th, 27th, 1858. Phonographic Report by J. M. W. YERRINTON. Boston: J. B. Yerrinton & Son, 21 Cornhill.

We could wish to inflict upon the editors who misrepresented the objects of the Rutland Convention and maligned those who took part in its proceedings no worse punishment than must follow from the stings of conscience which they will be sure to experience on beholding in this report the evidences of the fraud which they so successfully practised upon their readers. The Convention, judged by the objects set forth in the call, the principles inculcated in its proceedings, and the character of the principal speakers therein, was one of the noblest assemblages of modern times; and we are glad that its sayings and doings have been put on record. It was a gathering of earnest and intelligent men and women, inspired by a common desire to enlighten, ennoble and bless the whole human family. The subjects discussed were the following: Government, Free Trade, Slavery, Woman's Rights, Marriage, the Sabbath, Spiritualism, Land Reform, Maternity, the Bible, Immortality, Shakerism, &c. The speakers were Andrew Jackson Davis, Mrs. Julia Branch, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, William Robson, George Sennott, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, Elder F. W. Evans, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, S. B. Brittan, Henry C. Wright, Elder Miles Grant, William Goodell, Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, and others. The speech of Stephen S. Foster on Slavery we have copied on the first page.

The price of the pamphlet is 50 cents. Sold in this city by Mr. Munson, 5 Great Jones street.

NEW ANTI-SLAVERY NOVEL.—Thatcher and Hutchinson of this city are about to publish a novel of 600 pages, entitled "Shamah in Pursuit of Freedom; or, the Branded Hand." We have seen the introductory chapter, which certainly affords ground for hope that the book will be interesting and useful.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXXXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent on Auricular Preparations—On the Telegraphic Mystery—His opinions on Wine and Water—And on Sentiments—He proposeth one—He sympathizeth with the Aldermen—And apprehendeth Festudinous Insurrection—He censureth the Cable as insubordinate—Or rather the Lightning—But feareth it will be too many for the Professors—And citeth St. Dionysius Lardner in point—He maketh a transition to the Grove at Abington—And praiseth the weather—He commendeth the choice of the President—But yet with drawbacks—And censureth his indulgence to Mr. Pillsbury—But heartily commeadeth Mr. Bleby and his Speech, &c. &c.

BOSTON, August 16, 1858.

We have had our ears all ready these ten days back to be cracked by the salutes announcing the exchange of messages between Victoria and James, and we are beginning to be tired of keeping our ears cocked while the guns don't seem to be. Some people shake their heads and say that it is what they have expected all along, and that it does not follow by any means that because appreciable effects of the electric current can be felt at one end of the cable from the other, that it will be strong enough to talk loud and distinctly, much less fast. But, for my part, I always make it a rule to believe in what seems to be improbable. I take all strange stories and relics, and such sort of disputed gear, for granted, and it as often as not turns out that I am right, after all, and have had the pleasure of gratifying my marvellousness in the meantime, at any rate, even if it turns out a mistake. It is a much more entertaining frame of mind, if less philosophical, than a mere sceptical and Sadducean one. I don't believe, however, that this experiment is going to fail at all. If the current of electricity is powerful enough to make itself felt at all, it can't escape being set to work because of its littleness. We Yankees won't allow any such excuse as that to pass muster. If the present machinery be not delicate and refined enough to the use of this invisible spirit, we must invent some that are, that's all. If it can't write, yet it is admitted that it can make its mark, and that is enough to open up an endless field of communication.

We had a very lively time here, as you had with you, when the unlooked-for news came upon us, in the very moment when it had been given over as a bad business. But we did not go to quite the lengths you did. Your Aldermen and Common Councilmen, I see, propose dining in honor of the great occasion when the messages pass, which are to clear the way for regular work, in unison with the Corporation of London, which, it seems to be taken for granted, will not omit so fair an occasion for gormandizing at the public expense. It would seem odd, certainly, to have toasts drunk simultaneously in bumpers of wine, which had just travelled ever so many thousands of miles under an ocean of salt water. The hours might be arranged easily so as to fadge sufficiently well. Suppose your City Fathers to sit down at half-past three, it would then be about eight o'clock in London, just the national hour for dining there. They might certainly drink the old sentiment, which was a famous one in the three bottle days of our fathers, when men were obliged to give one or sing a song, or tell a story, or drink a glass of salt and water—"The cord of friendship, always tightest when it is *wet!*" It is to be hoped that the *cord* will be the only thing that will be *tight* on that occasion. I don't think that we propose any such convivial congratulation. And perhaps it is as well that it should be confined to you. For if all the Aldermen, everywhere, should be moved to give this deglutitious and ingurgitatory expression to the gratitude that swells their hearts, only think of the consternation it must excite among the Turtles! And who knows but they might conspire against the Cable as the fatal thread of the destinies of their race, and, by a well-directed assault, sever its seven-fold strands forever!

And you must know that it is very wrong in the Submarine Telegraph, over which you raised such a pean last week, to have succeeded at all. I am assured that men of the very highest scientific rank in the country had pronounced the thing impossible, not more than a week before it had the impudence to let itself be done. Such vagaries should be frowned down by every truly conservative mind, as tending to shake public confidence in the infallibility of Our First Men. If they may be mistaken in a point of Science, why may they not be in matters of politics and morality? And thus the common people may come to doubt whether the Union be indeed glorious, or Slavery a divinely ordained institution. But the lightning seems to have paid no more regard to the limits within which it should with propriety confine itself, as marked out by learned professors, than the sea had to the chains or whips of Xerxes or to the command of Canute. To be sure, the philosophers will tell us that the experiment has not been fully tried yet, and that their forebodings or predictions may yet be verified, for all that has come and gone, along the cable, at least, thus far. But I rather imagine the lightning will be too many for the philosophers this time, as Steam was for Dr. Dionysius Lardner, when he proved mathematically and physically that Ocean Steam Navigation was an impossibility; and before the sheets were dry, a great puffing, snorting, asthmatic Steamer came walloping along and capsized his theory as soon as it was fairly off the stocks, and he had afterwards to submit to the added ignominy of crossing the ocean in one of them himself!

It is rather late in the day to tell you anything about our First of August, at Abington, and yet it can never be too late to say that we had an uncommon good time there. The weather was absolutely perfect—"one entire and perfect chrysolite," whatever that may be, couldn't be any more so. Had it been made to order, it could not have been improved upon. Any of your readers wishing to know all about the Grove, and the lakelet which clasps it around on three sides, and all the sights and scenes therewith connected, have only to refer to my former letters, any time for ten or a dozen years back, and they will find it all written down there as it was this last time. The company was very large and the speaking excellent Your late Corresponding Editor was called to the Chair and presided with all his usual grace and dignity, and contributed as much as he commonly does to the success of the occasions over which he predominates; only I think there is something a little suspicious in the way in which he is almost always selected to this post of honor, but of silence. I hope there is nothing in it of conspiracy on the part of the prominent speakers—such as they have been more than suspected of in the case of another distinguished orator—to hinder the people from getting a taste of his quality, in the apprehension it would injure the relish for their own orations. I dare say they are very wise in their generation, if this be their motive. I merely throw out the hint for the consideration of the observing and intelligent. The only fault I had to find with his presidency was that he suffered Mr. Pillsbury to blaspheme our New England institutions of Fast and Thanksgiving, and most seditiously to propose substituting, on his own account, in defiance of the constituted authorities, the Fourth of July, for the first, and the First of August, for the second! And then, again, he permitted the same gentleman to speak very disrespectfully of our pious "gentlemen of property and standing," who promoted the "Business-men's Prayer-meetings," during the late Revival. He even went so far as to say, in connection with a sermon he once heard addressed to this important class of the community, in which they were exhorted to seek to enter into the New Jerusalem, because its streets were paved with gold, that he should not like to be the Street Commissioner of that city, if they were admitted there, as it would be impossible to keep the streets in order, unless the iron or wooden pavement should be substituted for that of gold! Now, of what use is a Chairman if he cannot put down the expression of wild and guilty phantasies, like these?

As to one part of the entertainment furnished on that Feast-day, there cannot be two opinions, and I am glad to see that you have given your readers a chance to share in the unanimity that must prevail regarding it. Of course I refer to the admirable speech of Mr. Bleby, on the working of the Emancipation of which he had been an eye-witness from the beginning, and before the beginning. It was everything that such a discourse should be, in matter and in manner—clear, distinct, calm and dispassioned—uniting the simple veracity of the eye-witness with the judicial impartiality of a judge. I trust that his speech will be made into a tract and circulated widely in every direction. It is a complete answer, at all points, to those infidels who will not believe in the Justice and Righteousness of God, unless it can be shown that they make the balance come on the right side of the ledger—who would doubt the correctness of the entries in the Book of Life if the trial-balance did not prove that they helped to swell the balance at the banker's. The impression made by this gentleman, in public and in private, was such as to inspire entire confidence in the correctness of his personal observations and the soundness of his conclusions from them. And we cordially commended him to the attentions and assistance of all anti-slavery persons who may have the good fortune to fall in with him in the course of his tour through the country. D. Y.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY - SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to THE CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, of Worcester, Mass., an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, expects to visit and lecture in New London County, Conn., and the adjacent portion of Rhode Island, during the month of August. We commend him to the friendly sympathy and coöperation of all lovers of Truth and Freedom, as being an able and faithful laborer in the Anti-Slavery cause.

He will receive the names of subscribers to the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, and to *The Liberator;* and payments on account of either of those papers may be made to him.

DANIEL S. WHITNEY, now in Iowa, has been appointed a Lecturing and Collecting Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and is hereby commended to all friends of the Anti-Slavery cause in the places he may visit between Iowa and Massachusetts. He is authorized to receive names and subscriptions for the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Liberator.*

OUR THANKS are due to the friends who have so kindly and promptly responded to our request by sending us their copies of THE STANDARD of May 15th. Our files are now complete.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Committee call upon their fellow-laborers for efforts for the Twenty-third Annual Fair, to be held in Philadelphia in December next.

To those who have long labored in this department of Anti-Slavery work there is not need to speak of its value and efficiency. To others we would say, give us your services for the slave's sake and for the sake of your own moral natures. Enlist with us in laboring for the emancipation of one-seventh of your own countrymen from a tyranny which European despots no longer tolerate.

Let there be a genuine "Revival" of faith in the Right and of works of justice and mercy, blessing him that gives and him that receives.

The products of the manufacturer and of the farmer, with the works of skill and taste, will be appropriate offerings to the cause.

There is need that the next Fair should surpass all previous ones in pecuniary results; for the times demand that the trumpet-call of the Abolitionists should sound louder and louder above the din of the political arena and the controversies of ecclesiastical organizations.

SARAH PUGH,	ANNA M. HOPPER,
HARRIET D. PURVIS,	MARY GREW,
LUCRETIA MOTT,	MARGARET J. BURLEIGH,
LYDIA GILLINGHAM,	ELIZABETH GAY,
SARAH A. MCKIM,	ROSANNA THOMPSON,
MARIA M. DAVIS,	MARIA CONKLIN,
CLEMENTINE R. JOHN,	SARAH PEIRCE,
MARGARET A. GRISCOM,	MARTHA KIMBER,
ANNA SHOEMAKER,	MARY SHAW,
ABBY KIMBER,	JANETTE JACKSON,
SARAH L. CHILD,	RACHEL WILSON,
EVELINE SUPPLEE,	MARIAN JANE MITCHELL,
MARTHA A. GALVIN,	CAROLINE WISE,
REBECCA PLUMLY,	EMILY W. TAYLOR,
ELIZABETH CARMAN,	REBECCA S. HART,
MARY A. HALL,	LYDIA WHITE,
EMMA PARKER,	ELIZABETH MAGEE,
ELIZABETH M. DAVIS,	ELIZABETH J. LEWIS,
SARAH KENDERDINE,	MARGARETTA FORTEN,
SUSAN W. SHAW,	HANNAH L. STICKNEY,
HULDAH JUSTICE,	MARY T. STICKNEY,
MARTHA CARMAN,	GULIELMA M. JONES.

THE CITY HALL of New York was partly destroyed by fire on Wednesday morning. The tower is entirely destroyed, and most of the upper story either burned or so injured by water as to require rebuilding. The fire was caused by the carelessness of those who had superintended the illumination and fireworks on the previous evening.

Summary.

The father-in-law of the Rev. Henry Garnet, the colored clergyman, who was killed at the late railroad accident at Saguoit Creek, has received from the Central Railroad Company the sum of $2,000. The Rochester *Union* says they pay $5,000 for white men.

HUNTING SLAVES.—A couple of F. F. V.'s from Virginia were in Altoona, Penn., on Tuesday, in pursuit of five runaways. Several of the citizens of the place interested themselves in their behalf, but the darkeys were not caught. The Virginians then left for the borough of Indiana.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.—The Academy at Lyons, France, has offered a prize of 1,200f. for the best work on the means of opening fresh sources of labor for females, and for placing the wages of women on a level with those of men, where equality of service is rendered.

MANUMISSION.—In the Probate Court, in Cincinnati, on the 6th inst., a female slave, Fanny Gleeson, aged forty-six years, received her manumission papers, which were executed by Louisa Jane Woodly, of Mobile. At the same time a little mulatto girl, between two and three years of age, was emancipated by her owner, A. W. Hill, of Stewart Co., Georgia.

FORTY SLAVES YET.—Aaron Cornish, once the slave of Rev. Levi D. Traverse, a worthy local preacher in ofr Church, called at our office a few days since. He says Mr. Traverse has forty slaves left. This will do pretty well for one preacher in a Church that has almost entirely ceased from slaveholding. Doubtless, Mr. Traverse holds all these slaves for their own good, as we have no mercenary slaveholding among us.—*Northern Independent.*

TIRED OF SEEING YOU ROUND.—They have a juvenile prodigy at Boonville. A "wee bit of a boy" astonished his mother, a few days since. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed; Charley sat quietly for some time afterwards, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he broke out thus: "Mozzer, wish pa'd get a housekeeper, and let you go." "Why so, my son?" "Cause, I've got tired seein' you round."

A STANZA FOR TOBACCO-SMOKERS.—A Scotch lady, who has more reverence for the inspiration she draws from Helicon than that imported from Havana, writes in the following style of the patrons of the weed:

"May never lady press his lips, his proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps its chimney burning.
May each true woman shun his sight, for fear his fumes might choke her:
And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker."

RECENT PRICES OF AMERICAN COINS.—Mr. J. H. Hickcox, in his valuable work on American Coinage, gives a list of recent prices paid for rare coins. The "Pine tree" shillings and sixpences sell for $5; the Baltimore shilling pieces $31; New England shillings and sixpences $20 to $25; Carolina elephant pieces $10; early dollars and halves about $3 each; dollars of 1804, 1851, 1852, $5 each; gold dollar of 1836 $7; 1852, $10; dimes and half dimes prior to 1815 about $4 each; cent of 1779, $5; 1793, $1 50 to $2; half cent of 1836, $5; 1831, $10.

SLAVE-HUNTERS.—We have been told there were two Virginians quietly reconnoitering in town last week. Their search was not for town lots, but for a young woman who had eloped with her own husband (what a crime!), and whom one of the pursuing party claimed as his property. But the wife was ahead, and the Virginia "free lover" quietly slid out of town without disturbing anybody, or making any converts to his "peculiar system." By the way, Southerners are moving North briskly, per the U. G. R. R., notwithstanding our new Deputy Marshals at the court-houses and railroad crossings.—*Salem (O.) Bugle.*

STATISTICS OF THE SLAVE TRADE.—Not far from 200,000,000—*two hundred millions of Africans*—were carried to the British West Indies, before emancipation. After 178 years, not more than 780 993 remained, in round numbers eight hundred thousand! 800,000 negroes were brought to St Domingo from 1680 to 1776; only 290,800 were to be found there in that latter year. The annual decrease in Cuba is from five to ten per cent. On the other hand, Mr. Adger, and we have no reason to doubt the correctness of his statement, affirms that the whole number imported into the United States, *ab initio*, was about *four hundred thousand*, and the number, at the present day, is about *four millions!* Here is a curious and highly interesting problem.

ABOUT A CAT.—Two years and a half ago, one of our citizens, to oblige a friend, the captain of a ship about to sail for the East Indies, gave him a cat for the purpose of keeping the vermin on board in proper subjection. Pussy, during the intervening time, voyaged to Calcutta, thence to Liverpool, back to Bombay, thence to Charleston, S. C., and finally to Boston. A few days after the arrival of the ship at this port the former owners of the cat were sitting at breakfast, when in walked tabby, the same as if she had never been away from home, and, after a general review of the premises, she came and jumped on the knee of the master of the household, as had been her wont in old times. The story is a curious evidence of attachment to locality in the animal, and a singular proof of its retention of memory.—*Boston Ledger.*

FAILURE OF THE CINCINNATI GRAPE CROP.—Within a radius of twenty-five miles of Cincinnati it is computed that there are 2,500 acres of ground devoted to the culture of grapes. In favorable seasons the average of wine per acre is two hundred gallons, equal to five hundred thousand gallons as the whole crop for the section described, worth, fresh from the press, $500,000. The failure of the grape crop is, therefore, a serious loss to the cultivators, and we regret to see, by a communication to the Cincinnate *Gazette*, that to the general loss of the fruit crop of apples, peaches, &c., in Ohio, this season, that of the grape is to be added. The writer says: "The crop this season may be designated as almost an entire failure. Some few vineyards will have something of a crop, but in the aggregate all the wine produced will not pay the expenses of tending the crop."

QUERY.—The most of the old fogie journalists are unsparing in their abuse of the Convention lately held here by the colored people. While we do not apologize for or concur in the intemperance of language which characterized one or two of the speakers on that occasion, we have a simple question to ask. We would like to know, if these self-same journalists had been or were slaves, or had near or dear friends in slavery, what their feelings would be in view of those facts? Would they not be intemperate in language and denounce the persons who were working such great wrong towards them, quite as fiercely as even Remond did? The true test is as the apostle says, "Put thy soul in my soul's stead." There is no other way of getting at the exact truth of the matter.—*New Bedford Standard.*

HYDROPHOBIA — SPIRITUALISM.—The Peoria (Ill.) *Transcript* gives an account of the death of a very interesting child by hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a cat. It says: "Some four hours previous to her death, and soon after one of her most violent spasms, she told her mother that she had been visited by the spirit of her sister (the family are believers in Spiritualism), who left this earth for the better land about one year since, and that this sister had informed her of certain remedies, which, if applied, would relieve her sufferings and soothe her passage to the tomb. The remedies were applied as soon as possible, and, strange to relate, the desired effect was produced. She was freed from the convulsive fits, was enabled to breathe easier, converse freely with her parents and friends, occasionally drinking a little water, and finally falling into her last sleep, as gently as an infant reposing in her slumber."

TO CURE THE APPETITE FOR TOBACCO.—A clergyman who for many years was addicted to the chewing and smoking of tobacco, but who has entirely abstained from the weed for over thirty years, communicates to *The Independent* the method of cure which he adopted. We copy it, hoping it will prove effectual in many other cases:

"I had a deep well of very cold water; and whenever the evil appetite craved indulgence, I resorted immediately to fresh drawn water. Of this I drank what I desired, and then continued to hold water in my mouth, throwing out and taking in successive mouthfuls, until the craving ceased. By a faithful adherence to this practice for about a month, I was cured; and from that time to this have been as free from any appetite for tobacco as a nursing infant. I loathe the use of the weed in every form, far more than I did before I contracted habits of indulgence."

In 1770, there were shipped to Liverpool three bales of cotton from New York; four bales from Virginia and Maryland, and three from North Carolina. In 1784, the year after the treaty which closed the Revolutionary war, and secured the recognition of American independence by Great Britain, a vessel that carried eight bales of cotton from the United States to Liverpool was seized in that port, on the ground that so large a quantity of cotton in a single cargo could not be the produce of the United States—so humble were the beginnings of this now extended culture. The invention of the cotton-gin by Whitney, in 1793, by cleansing the cotton at a very cheap rate, most powerfully stimulated production, and became an efficient cause of perpetuating slavery in a republic. Mr. Burn, in his valuable statistics of the cotton trade, states that the cotton wool imported into England in 1781 only amounted to 14,603 bales; in 1856 it had reached the enormous quantity of 1,800 000 bales, an example of extended commerce, in so comparatively short a period, without a parallel. In the same year, the consumption in France, in the North of Europe, in other foreign ports, and in the United States, amounted to 1,675 000 bales, making the total crop of the year 1855 3,475,000 bales, the produce of slave labor.

"ABOLITIONISTS IN THE CHEROKEE NATION."—Col. Butler, the United States Indian Agent, has addressed the following communication, dated "Tahlequah, C. N., June 30," to the Fort Smith *Herald:*

"In your paper of the 26th inst., you notice the arrival of one or two Abolitionists in your city, who are on their way to the Cherokee Nation for the purpose of preaching abolitionism. Will you give me the names of these individuals, and they will be summarily dealt with—as they shall not address the public upon such matters in this Nation, nor remain in it.

"Allow me, through the columns of your paper, to notify all persons who are in this Nation, without authority, or purpose to come into it, that they will be treated as intruders, and removed, unless they report to the Superintendent of Indian Affairs or Cherokee Agent, and state their business. An Abolitionist will not be suffered to remain here, under any circumstances."

We learn from a gentleman who came up the river Saturday evening that the body of Burrell Green, the colored fisherman, found dead in the river at Bates's Spring, on Thursday last, was still lying on the beach, at the mercy of whatever beast or bird of prey that might chance to come upon it. At high tide it floats on the margin of the river, and at low tide lies out upon the sand, decomposing in the sun. Such negligence on the part of the authorities of Prince George seems inexcusable—aye, almost incredible.

Since writing the above we learn from Capt. Ledbetter, of the city police, who visited the spot Sunday afternoon, that the body of the unfortunate negro had either been cut or broken loose from the tree to which it was fastened by a rope, and had floated with the tide some sixty yards further up the river, where it drifted on the shore. All the flesh from the hands had been eaten off, the eyes picked out, and the head and face stripped to the bone by the fish and buzzards! What a commentary upon humanity!—*Petersburg (Va.) Express.*

The *Journal of Commerce* has a letter from South Carolina, which treats of a contest for the Senate of that State in Edgefield District, between Col. William Gregg and Col. P. Carroll. The writer balances fairly the claims and qualifications of the two competitors, but says:

"I must here admit that Col. Gregg has done much for the district, having built the Graniteville factory, which turns out near 20,000 yards of cloth per day, giving employment to 400 persons, who were mere ciphers in the district previous to the building of this factory, giving them more than living wages, including male and female."

There is a moral in this unconscious statement which does not often reach the eyes of *The Journal's* readers. The people employed by Col. Gregg in his factory are nearly all of the class known at the South as "poor Whites," "Sand Hillers," &c., and are summed up by the ebony chattels under the contemptuous designation of "White Trash"—people who live by a little hunting, a little fishing, some pettifogging around the edges of the plantations, and an infinitesimal quantity of work. They live in the wretchedest log cabins, with hardly a week's food between them and starvation, and in intelligence, in education, in clothing and every other comfort are below the level of the peasantry of Italy or Ireland. Out of this class, Col. Gregg, by building and running his cotton factory, has raised some eighty to a hundred families to a condition of regular industry, plenty, thrift and general comfort. He "has done much for the district," as this Carolinian admits.—*Tribune.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—The Chicago papers of last week gave an account of a transaction which occurred there recently, which is both romantic and aggravating. Five or six weeks ago, Dr. George T. Eve, a young man of twenty-five years, good appearance and address, took a house on South Clark street and opened an office for the practice of Homœopathy. He had a family, composed of a wife and three children. On Wednesday evening of last week Dr. Eve received a note as follows:

"If Dr. Eve will call at room No 62 Tremont House, he will meet with an old friend desirous of an interview with him."

Dr. Eve went as requested, since which time nothing has been heard of him. He is the son of a distinguished professor in Georgia. During his college course he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whom he resolved to marry. One thing was in the way. She was the slave of Dr. Ayre, of Randolph County, Georgia. The young man's father opposed the match. The son triumphed, however, and married her, but she was a slave nevertheless, though her skin would not betray it. Not many months since the young man's uncle died, leaving him $10,000. He at once went to the owner of his wife and demanded her freedom. This the owner asked $7,000 for. Dr. Eve at once paid the exorbitant price, and started with his wife and babes for the North. He settled in Chicago, as has been mentioned, and was living happily till the time we have mentioned. The "old friend" who wished to see him turned out to be his father, who had come to bring back his son. What means were used or what has happened to him has not been learned. The wife remains in Chicago, where she is cared for by the citizens. What the finale of this will be we have yet to learn.

FUGITIVES RECAPTURED.—The Cincinnati *Gazette*, of the 30th ult., gives an account of a slave-hunt, in which some of the people of the neighboring city of Covington indulged, one day last week. These white, civilized, democratic and Christian slave-hunters of Kentucky would make admirable recruits for those savage marauders who furnish the African cargoes for slave ships. On Thursday night of last week, a party of six slaves left Independence, Kentucky (what a name for slaveholders to give their town), in search of that liberty which the Declaration of American Independence has failed to secure to them. The party consisted of a man and a woman, and her two daughters, one of them half-way through her teens, belonging to Louis Collins, a man belonging to a Mr. Harrington, and another man belonging to Mr. Wilson. They travelled all night and reached Covington so late next morning that they could not cross the river. They were discovered, and, chase being given, ran to Willow-Run Hollow and the adjacent hills. A number of persons spent the day hunting for the fugitives among the bushes and briars, and succeeded in capturing all but Mr. Wilson's man.

There is Kentucky chivalry for the admiration of the world! Hunting up this poor family of travellers, mother and young daughters, while pursuing their journey in the most heroic manner and for the noblest of purposes. Seizing them like stray dogs or swine and sending them back to the most desperate and hopeless oppression. But such is the fashion of this democratic country. And it is the business of its government to protect and defend such monstrous villany.

In a subsequent number of the *Gazette* we find the following:

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.—The person who gave the alarm that there were six runaway negroes loose in Covington, last Friday, was a German named Busch. He is the keeper of a boarding-house; and when going to the market early, he saw the negroes, and, with two of his boarders, started in pursuit. A reward was given to the boarders by the owners of the chattels for their exertions, but they could not divide the money till both had quarrelled and one had stabbed the other. Busch got nothing but the consciousness of having done his duty. As he gets no money, let us give him fame."—*A. S. Bugle.*

A SERVANT OF GEN. WASHINGTON.—An old colored man named Jerry, now residing on the farm of Major Smoot, of Alabama, is said to be 107 years of age. The Selma *Sentinel* gives the following history of his life:

"He was born the property of Col. Fauntleroy, of Rappahannock, Virginia, in 1751; and while Washington was in Philadelphia, attending the Continental Congress, he purchased him from his master, giving £30 for him. Soon after he became the property of Washington, General Washington took command of the army—taking Jerry with him as his body-servant, which position Jerry occupied until the close of the struggle for American independence, taking an active part in all the battles in which Washington was engaged. Jerry recounts with great accuracy the prominent incidents of many battles, and shed tears while relating the hardships experienced by the soldiers of the American forces, especially of the hardships in the Jersey colony.

After the close of the war, Jerry was taken to Mount Vernon, where he remained until the y ar before the death of General Washington, when, becoming discontented in consequence of his wife moving to a distant neighborhood, he was sold to the owner of his wife. A few years after, Jerry's wife died. He, again becoming dissatisfied with his master, was again sold, and finally was carried to Richmond and placed in the public market, where he was purchased by the father of Colonel Hugh P. Watson, now of Montgomery, Ala. Mr. Watson kept Jerry until his death, when he fell into the hands of his young master, Col. Hugh P. Watson.

When the war with Mexico took place, and there was a call for volunteers to fight the battles of the country, Col. Watson was one of those who volunteered. As soon as Jerry heard that, he said his young master should not go unless he, too, went with him. Jerry, true to his determination, induced by a faithful attachment to his master, went with the Talladega boys. Jerry would not only take every opportunity to kill a Mexican, but would, when he could not shoot one, win their money from the "yallar devils" (a very popular phrase of Jerry's, when speaking of the Mexicans). Jerry declares that he and one more of the Talladega volunteers (the name Jerry uses freely) were the only Americans that could beat the Mexicans at monte and such other games as they played, and, as a proof of it, Jerry brought home quite a number of lumps of gold, which he took great delight in showing as specimens of Mexican coin currency. When the service of the Talladega expired in Mexico, Jerry returned with his young master.

Major Smoot finally purchased Jerry's wife and Col. Watson gave Jerry permission to go where and when he pleased. He stays most of his time at Major Smoot's, feeding pigs, working in the garden, and doing such little work as he feels disposed to.

HARDSHELL PREACHING.—There is in some portions of the Southern and South-Western States a class of preachers, popularly known as "Hardshells," the style of whose pulpit performances is admirably represented in the following pattern discourses, from a Mississippi paper:

Discourse I.

I may say to you, my breethering, that I am not an edecated man, an' I am not one o' them as bleeves that edecation is necessary fur a gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be edecated, an', although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my breethring, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my breethring, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptist, but I'd ruther hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me hear to-day, my breethring, drest up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my breethering, and although I've been a preacher uv the Gospel fur twenty years, an' although I'm capting of that flat boat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my breethering.

I'm not a gwine ter tell you *exsackly* whar my tex may be found; suffice it tu say, it's in the leds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'tween the first chapter of the book of Generations and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and of you'll go and sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find *my* tex thar, but a great many other *texes* as will do you good to read, an' my texi, when you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus:

"And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men make perfeck."

My tex, breethering, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, and then thar's the sperits uv turpen *time*, and then thar's the spirits as some folks call liquor, an' I've got as good an artickel of them kind uv sperits on *my* flat boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi river, but thar's a great many other kind of spirits, for the tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—spirits of just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, it's *fire*. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my breethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you light a cigar or pipe with, and then thar's cam-fire, fire before yure reddy, and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my breethring—its *hell fire!* an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have bin doin'—for "He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

Now, the different sorts uv fire in this world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the fust place we have the Piscopalians; and they are a high sailin' and a high-falutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard, that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up, till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he comes down and down, and down, and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss uv a dead hoss, by the side of the road—and "He played on a harp of a thousand stringe—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methedis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methedist believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfeckshun, and the squirrel goes up, and up, and up, and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim' and branch to branch, and the fust thing you know he falls and down he cums kerflummux, and that's like the Methedis, for they is allers fallin' from grace, ah! and—"He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand stringe—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

Discourse II.

My Beloved Brethering: I am an unlarnt hardshell Baptist preacher, of whom you've no doubt heern afore, and I now appear here to expound the Scriptures and pint out the narrer way which leads from a vain world to Jurcosalem, and my text which I shall choose for the occasion is in the leds of the Bible, somewhere between the Second Chronikils and the last chap

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

THE HINDOO IMMIGRANT'S LAMENT.

A Truthful Picture of Hindoo Immigration into Jamaica, W. I.

BY S. B. SLACK.

CHRISTIANS, to my doleful story
Listen with attentive ears,
While my famished form before ye
Loathsome to your sight appears;
Scorn ye not my plaintive moaning,
But a spark of pity show;
Days of anguish, nights of groaning
Are my hapless portion now.

Once with pleasing, soft emotion,
By the Ganges' sacred stream,
Zeila's love and fond devotion
Filled my heart with joy supreme;
But, alas! from Zeila parted,
Home and kindred left behind,
Starving, dying broken-hearted,
Where shall Ramah comfort find?

Immigration agents sought me;
Guided to my lowly cot,
They by artful reasoning taught me
To despise my humble lot;
Tales they told of wealth and splendor,
Soon acquired across the main;
What they said sufficed to render
All my parents' counsels vain.

Zeila too to sacred Bramah
Offered many an earnest prayer,
Asked him to protect her Ramah
From the artful strangers' snare;
All in vain the fond oblation,
Cruel Bramah would not hear,
But each fervent supplication
Fell unheeded on his ear.

"Ramah, though I dearly love thee,
What could for my sin atone,
Could I—sacred gods above me!—
Leave my aged sire alone?"
Thus she answered when, in sorrow,
I implored her to be mine,
Knowing on the fatal morrow
Ganges' stream I'd leave behind.

Borne across the trackless ocean,
From my native land I fled,
Calling down, with true devotion,
Blessings on my Zeila's head;
Passed the stormy ocean's danger,
Landed on your beauteous shore,
Kindly you received the stranger,
Now I thought my troubles o'er.

Soon I found a gross illusion
Had my ardent mind misled,
Soon, alas! the fond delusion
From my glowing fancy fled;
Dreams of wealth and splendor vanished,
Rags became my hapless lot;
Oft I've sighed, when almost famished,
For my humble Indian cot.

Can the Christian's God with favor
Look on such a cursed deed?
Will he whom you call your Savior
For such sinners intercede?
Who for sake of golden treasure
Brought me o'er the awful main—
Who thus dare to purchase pleasure
With a fellow creature's pain.

WOMEN ARTISTS.

From The Westminster Review.

REMEMBERING the reigns of our own Queen Bess, of Catherine of Russia, of Isabel of Castile, and Maria Theresa of Austria, it really seems rather difficult to deny woman's aptitude for the sphere of political life; while a long list of celebrities, dead and living, attest her claim to no unworthy niche in the temple of literary fame. In art, it must be owned, her success is more questionable. Not only have we no female Raphael or Michael Angelo, as we have no female Homer, Shakspeare, or Milton; but even the secondary order of genius, if the term be admissible, is somewhat rare. At first sight this may appear extraordinary. The profession of the painter would seem, in many respects, peculiarly fitted for woman. It demands no sacrifice of maiden modesty, or of matronly reserve. It leads her into no scenes of noisy revelry or unseemly license. It does not force her to stand up to be stared at, commented on, clapped or hissed by a crowded and often unmannered audience, who forget the woman in the artist. It leaves her, during a great portion of her time at least, beneath the protecting shelter of her home, beside her own quiet fireside, in the midst of those who love her, and those whom she loves. But, on the other hand, to attain high eminence, it demands the entire devotion of a life. It entails a toil and study severe, continuous and unbroken.

No inspiration alone, however brilliant, will constitute the artist. The hand as well as the mind must be trained and exercised; and this requires perpetual and uniform effort. Besides, there is the knowledge of anatomy, which popular prejudice deprives woman of the means of acquiring—unless, like Rosa Bonheur, she abdicates for awhile the costume and delicate habits of her own sex. Possibly, also, although this admits of question, there may be a want of creative power. Still the names of Elizabeth Sirani, Maria Robusti, Angelica Kauffmann, Lavinia Fontana and Rosa Bonheur sufficiently attest that in this domain, as in every other, woman, if she does not rise to the very pinnacle of greatness, may at least attain excellence of no common order.

The little work before us,* which has acquired considerable popularity and success in Germany, is not, like most productions of the Teutonic mind, a philosophical disquisition. It makes no pretensions to great depth of thought, or originality of views; but it is valuable to all who are interested in the development and progress of woman in the domain of art; for it brings together every instance of female proficiency and genius the author has been able to collect, and seeks, by pointing out the success which women have already achieved, to demonstrate what they may yet accomplish.

Of painting among the Greeks we know but little. Architecture and statuary present sufficient monuments to allow of our forming a tolerably correct estimate of the perfection they had attained. Despite the ravages of time, and of barbarians ancient and modern, enough of the Parthenon remains to hand down the fame of an Ictinus, a Callicratus, and a Phydias, to admiring posterity. But what is left of Apelles and Zeuxis? The few relics of ancient painting which have survived the lapse of ages and the hand of the spoiler all date from the time of the Roman Empire; and neither the frescoes discovered beneath the baths of Titus, the decorations of Pompeii and Herculaneum, nor even the two or three cabinet pictures found beneath the buried city, can be admitted as fair specimens of Grecian painting in its zenith.

So far, however, as we have any evidence whatever on the subject, it would seem of later growth than sculpture. Pliny tells us that when the latter had reached its culminating point, the former was still in its infancy; that before Apollodorus no artist was worth remembering. But, at the same time, he mentions the productions of the great masters with as much admiration as the Jupiter of Phydias.

Are we, then, to believe that in painting, as in sculpture, we are still at so vast a distance from the ancients? That the "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, the "Madonna di San Sisto" of Raphael, the "Virgin" of a Correggio or a Murillo, would sink into nothingness beside the "Penelope and Jupiter" of Zeuxis, the "Venus Anadyomene" of Appelles, the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Aristides? Such a deduction appears to us by no means a necessary one. There may be reasons why, in sculpture, we should still remain behind the Greeks, while in the sister art we may excel their happiest efforts. In the former, grace, beauty, symmetry of proportion, form and feature are the principal essentials of success; and where are these to be found in such perfection as beneath the glowing skies of Greece—among that people who carried their sense of the beautiful to the highest degree to which it has ever been carried by mortals? But in painting, other elements necessarily mingle—feelings and emotions of an order more complex, more varied: love—not in its sensual, but in its purer, holier signification; devotion—such as no Jupiter or Apollo could inspire. These elements were essentially Christian, and therefore it is but reasonable to suppose that Christian art, in its palmy days, may have surpassed that of a land in which they were unknown.

Though the ancient Greeks embodied both sculpture and painting under a female form, few women handled either the pencil or the chisel. Indeed, considering the ignorance and seclusion in which all "respectable" women were systematically held, it is not without considerable astonishment that on the very threshold of art we discover a woman's name—that of Kora, daughter to one Dibutades, a native of Corinth. Pliny relates that in her fond desire to obtain some memorial of her lover, from whom she was about to be parted forever, she sketched his portrait from the shadow thrown by his profile on the wall; that from this her father modelled it in clay, and thus produced the first portrait in relief that had ever appeared. The story, whether true or false, is at least both graceful and probable. From the days of Kora down to those of Quintin Matsys, how often has love been the best instructor?

Besides Kora, Pliny makes mention of Timarata, one of whose pictures he had himself seen at Ephesus. In the time of Alexander the Great, we find the names of several female artists—Cirene, Aristarite, and Calypso; the latter, who was celebrated as a painter *de genre*, has been supposed—with how much truth it is difficult to say—to be the author of that charming little picture found in Pompeii, and now in the studio of Naples, "A Mother Superintending the Toilet of her Daughters." Pliny tells us that the portraits of a well-known dancer, Acisthenes, and of a conjuror, Theodorus, executed by her hand, were much admired.

In Roman annals we discover but one female artist, and she was of Hellenic origin—Laya, who lived about one hundred years before Christ—although the comparative liberty allowed to women among the soldier-people might have afforded them, one would think, greater opportunity for the development of their artistic powers. But, in the first place, we must remember that art was not with the Romans, as with the Greeks, an essential element of existence. During the best and most glorious epochs of the Republic it was neglected or despised, and its cultivation is associated with the decline of that mighty power which had planted its triumphant banners alike on the burning sands of Africa and the rude shores of Britain.

Of Laya's history little has reached us; but from what few details we can gather, it appears that she excelled in female portraits, and may be regarded as the precursor of all miniature-painters of modern times. Pliny, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, adds that her works were most highly valued, and that, devoting herself solely to her art, she lived and died in single blessedness. During the first seven centuries which followed the destruction of the Roman Empire, we hear of no female painter. Art, indeed, was never totally extinct, as is evident from some Byzantine relics, and from the mosaics discovered in the convents and cemeteries of Rome, Venice, and Pisa, many of which date from the fifth century. But not only had its peculiar characteristic of glorious beauty completely disappeared, but that characteristic, associated as it was with the recollection of Paganism, had become abhorrent to Christianity. The heathens had adorned their Joves and their Appollos with every accessory of grace and majesty their glowing and poetic fancy could devise. The Savior of the Nazarenes, it was supposed, must therefore be represented devoid of all outward comeliness, according to the literal interpretation of the prophet's memorable description. Gradually, however, as the triumph of the new faith became wider and more secure, these prejudices gave way to the love of the beautiful implanted in the human mind. In the eighth century, a papal bull came to the aid of St. Jerome, St. Augustin, and St. Ambrose, and decided that the Redeemer should henceforward be arrayed in every attribute of divine beauty with which the hand of the painter could invest him. This, indeed, was not much. Art had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation; one branch alone, that of miniature-painting upon parchment, was cultivated with tolerable success. It had flourished among the Greeks and Romans, and, from the comparative ease and facility with which it was carried on, soon became the peculiar and constant occupation of monks and anchorites. Manuscripts and religious works were deemed incomplete unless adorned by illuminations; defective as they were in many of the essentials of art, particularly in perspective, these illuminations, or miniatures, are still extremely beautiful, from the gem-like brilliancy of the coloring, the ever-changing tints, and the exquisite finish—and in these the delicate touch and graceful taste of woman particularly fitted her to excel. Eighty years before the appearance of Cimabue, or even of André del Candia, we find Agnes, abbess of Quedlinberg, celebrated as a miniature-painter; and more than one specimen yet extant attests her patience and her skill.

The cultivators of this charming art were divided into two classes—miniaturists, properly so called; and miniature caligraphists. It was the province of the first to color the histories and arabesques, and to lay on the gold and silver ornaments. The second wrote the book, and the initial letters so frequently traced in red, blue and gold; these were called "Pulchri Scriptores," or fair writers. Painting of this description was peculiarly a religious occupation. It was well suited for the peaceful and secluded life of the convent or the monastery. It required none of the intimate acquaintance with the passions of the human heart, with the busy scenes of life, so essential to other and higher forms of art. Yet it was not only in this branch that the monastic orders distinguished themselves. The Frati Humiliati were celebrated for their skill in painting on grass; while the recluses of Mont Casino and their abbot, Bertire, made themselves conspicuous for their superiority in miniature painting.

Disgusted by the corruption which gradually crept into monastic institutions, we are too apt to forget the debt we owe them for preserving at least the germ of thought, amid the deadly blight which had fallen upon it in the rest of the world. In the midst of the deluge of barbarism, the monasteries were the ark of refuge. While peers and princes, knights and squires, were systematically engaged in fighting, robbing and plundering, the monks were occupied in inventions (the fruit of which we still enjoy); in constructing those glorious cathedrals, the pride of our own and other lands; in tracing upon canvas some of the master-pieces of art; in copying the works of antiquity, which would otherwise probably have been lost forever; and in keeping alive the sacred fire of literature. The names of Roger Bacon, Padre Alessandro, of Angelico da Fiesole, Fra Bartolomeo, and so many others, ought surely to exempt the monks of olden days from the universal charge of ignorance and laziness so systematically and indiscriminately brought against them. As to the nuns, they, too, were not idle. They were largely employed in illuminating and copying manuscripts and missals. They managed extensive lands belonging to the convent; they tended the sick and the poor; many of them, as we shall see hereafter, excelled in painting; and the recluses of one convent at least—that of the Dominican sisters, founded 1292, at Florence—were among the earliest and most zealous encouragers of the art of printing.

In 1476, Fra Domenico da Pistoya, and Fra Pietro da Pisa, the spiritual directors of the convent, established a printing press within its walls—the nuns served as compositors—and many works of considerable value issued from this press between 1476 and 1484, when Bartolomeo da Pistoya dying, the nuns ceased their labors.

Miniature-painting and illuminating continued to flourish during the whole of the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Even celebrated artists did not disdain them. Dante mentions two in particular, who must have enjoyed considerable renown, for he introduces them in his "Purgatorio" as expiating through suffering their pride and their success on earth. Painters were in the habit of attaching a gradine, or small ledge, to the frame, or to their pictures, on which they used to paint passages from the lives of the saints who formed the subject of their work. Many may be seen in the exquisite creations of Fra Angelico da Fiesole. At the commencement of the sixteenth century, miniature-painting began to decline. Almost unnoticed, engraving had usurped its place; but the miniatures of this period are superior to all which precede them, combining vigor and correctness of design, and chiaroscuro, with the exquisite expression, the delicate touch, the bright and glowing coloring of former productions. Among the most distinguished names of those with whom its history closed, we again find that of a woman, a Dominican sister, Plautilla Nelli, daughter to a Florentine patrician, and pupil to Fra Bartolomeo. Tasari mentions her in his second edition of "Storia di Pittura."

In 1405 we discover in Germany what must be regarded as a *rara avis* among the female sex—a sculptor, and of no mean eminence, Sabina von Steinbach, daughter to that Erwin von Steinbach who, in the cathedral of Strasbourg, has reared to his memory so glorious and so enduring a monument. From early childhood Sabina displayed considerable talent for modelling, and it was to her that her father entrusted much of the ornamental part of his stupendous undertaking. Few, as they pause before the groups on the portal of the southern aisle, and admire their grace and beauty, as we have so often admired them, imagine that they are the work of a girl of twenty. These groups represent allegorically the Christian and the Jewish Church—in the former, the figures are stately and graceful; the diadem on their brows, the cross in their right hands; in the left, the holy wafer and cup. The latter are bowed down with shame and sorrow, their countenances sad and mournful, holding in their hands a broken arrow, and the shattered relics of the tablets of the law. "In this work," says our author, "all that is beautiful and superhuman in the sculpture of the middle ages may be said to be embodied; it seems as though these elements needed a female hand to attain that purity and depth of feeling which lends this group so peculiar a charm." On one of the scrolls held by the Apostle John are the following lines in Latin:

"May the grace of God fall to thy share, Sabina,
Whose hands have formed my image out of this hard stone."

Tradition adds that, by the command of the archbishop, Sabina herself attended to see the statues deposited in their niches; that the prelate, followed by all his priests, came forth to meet her, and placed upon her brow a garland of laurel, consecrated by his own hand. That this tradition was long pretty generally believed, is evident from an old painting of no great merit we have ourselves seen at Strasbourg, in which Sabina is represented kneeling at the feet of the archbishop, receiving his blessing and the precious wreath.

The commencement of the fifteenth century, so important in the history of humanity, so peculiarly marked by mental activity, is somewhat barren in female artists, and indeed in female genius altogether, in comparison, at least, with the succeeding ages. The change which had come over the world within the last hundred years had acted no less unfavorably on the intellectual progress of the sex than on its social position. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, women had been the object of a species of adoration. Their beauty was the chosen theme of minstrel lay, their favor the brightest recompense of knightly valor. Thus sung and worshipped, the women of the higher orders, at least, to whom these remarks more particularly apply, naturally sought to retain and heighten the homage laid before their shrine by cultivating their talents so far as their opportunities permitted. But now Troubadours and Minnesängers had disappeared alike from the olive groves of Provence and the vine-clad hills of the Rhine. The reign of chivalry was over; a thousand new and engrossing interests had sprung up. Men had no longer leisure or inclination to wander, harp in hand, from castle to castle, and bower to bower, pouring forth the praises of their ladye-love; and woman, fallen from the lofty pedestal to which she had been temporarily elevated, sunk to the level of ordinary life, and had to suffer from that reaction which invariably attends all exaggerated sentiments, however pure or noble in themselves.

So far as art was concerned, the fifteenth century, the earlier part especially, was peculiarly unfitted to foster or develop female talent. Art was gradually discarding that ideal and superhuman character which had formed at once the charm and the weakness of the middle ages. New and more extended perspectives had opened to its view. It was a period of perpetual and wearisome, though fruitful, toil. The correct anatomy of the human form began to supersede the conventional style hitherto universally adopted. Earthly passions, mingled emotions which had found no place in the religious productions of an earlier age, in the pure and serene compositions of Angelica da Fiesole, in the solemn and dignified figures of Fra Bartolomeo, were now to be reproduced upon the canvas. All this necessitated severe study—study under difficulties too great, too repulsive, to admit of many females coming forward to share them. It is therefore with the more pleasure that we hail the advent of the few women who, subduing every obstacle, distinguished themselves during this important period. The best known of these is Margaritha von Eck, sister to Huberto Jan von Esk, who, by the introduction of oil-painting, brought about so great and momentous a revolution in the history of art. In their more important works Margaritha had no share; she devoted herself to miniature-painting, and the magnificent court of Burgundy supplied her with ample employment. Occasionally brother and sister worked together, as in the breviary of that Duke of Bedford who married the sister of Philip the Good in 1423, which is now in the imperial library at Paris. That Margaritha was tolerably celebrated in her own day is evident from the work of Carl von Mander, the earliest historian of Flemish art, who calls her "a gifted Minerva," and adds that, like her prototype, she scorned the bands of Hymen.

Somewhat later, in the depths of a peaceful convent in Nuremberg, a second Margaritha wiled away the silent hours in copying and illuminating religious works. Eight folio volumes, we are assured, were traced and adorned by the hands of this pious and indefatigable nun. Ere turning to another age, we must linger a moment to contemplate two female artists of some importance. In the Pinacothek of Bologna, among the many stiff, quaint and strange-looking productions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is a picture of St. Ursula, which to the pure, calm, holy expression peculiar to the works of the early masters unites a grace and even correctness of drawing not a little unusual at that period. This is attributed to Caterina Vigri, a noble maiden, native of Bologna, born in 1403, who ended her days in virgin sanctity in the convent of Capo di Christo, where her grave and many works of her hand are yet pointed out to the curious visitor. Among these is an infant Jesus, long held in such peculiar veneration that it was presented to the sick to kiss with the firm conviction that all whose lips approached the canvas would be restored to health; and many are the miracles adduced in proof of its marvellous powers.

Onorata Rudiano wielded at once the pencil and the warrior's sword. She is quite a personage of romance, and we are surprised that she has never figured in novel or poetry. In her 23d year, she had already attained so great a reputation for artistic skill that Gabrino Fondolo, tyrant of Cremona, committed to her care the adornment of his palace. Onorata would willingly have declined this equivocal honor, but the Marquis would listen to no refusal; and to excite the anger of a man at once so vindictive and so unscrupulous was too fearful a risk.

Onorata was not destined to labor long in the service of Fondolo. One day, while occupied in painting the walls of one of the apartments, a courtier, notorious for his dissipated habits, entered the room, and offered some unjustifiable liberties. The young artist indignantly repulsed him; and on his returning to the charge, she seized a dagger she always wore concealed in her boddice, and stabbed him to the heart; then rushing from the palace, disguised herself in man's attire, and fled to the mountains, declaring she would rather perish in exile and a wanderer, but pure and untainted, than enjoy splendor and honor at home. The Marquis was furious; he sent soldiers in every direction in pursuit, with orders to bring her back alive or dead; but unable to find the place of her retreat, and finding no one capable of completing her labors, he promised full and entire pardon on condition of her instant return. Onorata, however, had effected her escape from his dominions. Retaining her disguise, she obtained admittance into one of the companies of Condottieri then infesting Italy, and by her courage and conduct soon rose to the post of captain. Her warlike spirit delighted in the independence and excitement of her new career; she refused to abandon it, and continued to fight and paint alternately for thirty years. In 1472, her native town, Castellione, was besieged by the Venetians. Onorata, at the head of her company, flew to its relief; she forced the enemy to raise the siege, but was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died a few days later.

The commencement and the middle of the fifteenth century had been a season of labor; the conclusion of the sixteenth brought the harvest. It was now that painting in particular reached its culminating point, and attained a perfection which no succeeding period has ever equalled.

Between 1590 and 1620 lived the greater part of those men whose works form the delight and admiration of succeeding ages—Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Titian, and Georgione. Beside such mighty names, those of any female artists, however brilliant in themselves, seem pale and colorless. Yet it would be unfair to pass them by without some share of attention, more especially as many were the subjects of warm eulogium in their own day. One of the most celebrated was Maria Robusto, daughter to Tintoretto, the rival, though not the equal, of Titian. Maria's talents were universally recognized and esteemed. Kings and emperors sought to allure her to their courts; but she rejected all their propositions, and lived and died at Venice, beneath her father's roof, which, though married to a rich goldsmith, she never quitted. Maria is much lauded by Rudolphi, in his "Maraviglia della pittura Veneziana." We must pass by many female names recorded by Professor Guhl, pausing only to notice one whose celebrity rests rather on the testimony of her contemporaries than on any works that have come down to posterity—Irene di Spilimberg. Born at Udina, of ancient and noble race; young, lovely, and gifted, Irene was the theme of universal admiration in her own day. Tasso celebrated her in a sonnet of great sweetness; Titian, her master, immortalized her by his pencil; in a collection of orations published some twenty years after her death by Gradenigo, she is called the pride and delight of her age; and Rudolphi includes her among the few names of female artists he honored with his notice. Perhaps her beauty, her grace, her early doom—she died at eighteen—may in some degree explain the discrepancy between her reputation and her actual performances. They were probably admired less for what they were than for what they promised. Had Raphael or Leonardo da Vinci perished at eighteen, what would they have left behind them?

Flanders contributed its share, though a small one, to the list of female artists. Albrecht Dürer, in his journal, 1521, speaks with admiration of a young girl aged seventeen, whom he met on his travels. "She is called Susanna," he says; "she has illuminated a book, a Salvator; I gave her a ducat for it. It is a great wonder that a woman (*Weibsbild*) should be able to do so much." Dürer's opinion of the capabilities of the female sex in general—not very high—was that very prevalent in Germany in the sixteenth century. In no country was female genius of all descriptions at so low an ebb.

The seventeenth century gave birth to more than one woman whose works, if they cannot claim place among those of the great masters of the age, deserve no ordinary attention—Lavinia Fontana, Artemisia Genteleschi, Elizabetta Serani, and Maria Schurman. The three first belong to the Bologna school. Lavinia was daughter to that Prospero Fontana under whom Ludovico Caracci studied, and who angrily declared he was fitter for a color grinder than a painter. We know how triumphantly Caracci, though by far the least celebrated of the three brothers, confuted this assertion; and in later years he had the pleasure of hearing Fontana regret that he was too old to become the pupil of him whom he had despised. This privilege was enjoyed by his daughter Lavinia. To delicacy of touch and sweetness of expression she united such peculiar skill in catching likenesses that her portraits were eagerly sought by noble dames and princes, and paid for at a price far higher than was usual in those days. Pope Gregory XIII. appointed her his painter in ordinary. Her personal attractions were of no uncommon order, and her hand was demanded by more than one titled suitor; but she rejected all, to bestow it on a young man of lowly origin, who had won her affections while working in her father's *atelier*. In rendering all due justice to Lavinia, we cannot quite agree with Professor Guhl, when he compares her productions to those of Titian or Tintoretto. In depth of coloring, vigor of touch, and breadth of outline, she is generally deficient. Even her finest work, "The Holy Francis di Paula," in the Pinacothek of Bologna, is open to this objection, though in a modified degree. Far superior to Lavinia is Elisabetta Serani, like her a native of Bologna. The pupil of Guido Reni, she early imbibed that exquisite sense of the beautiful, that peculiar gift of reproducing it, which distinguishes her master. To this she adds a vigor and energy rare in a female pencil, and completely free from that coarseness so often mistaken for power. In the church of Certosa, at Bologna, is a "Christ at the River Jordan," by her hand, not unworthy of the best efforts of Guido himself; and in the Palazzo de Pietri, in the same city, is a "Magdalen," which, in beauty, expression and grace, has been seldom surpassed. Lanzi speaks of her with enthusiastic admiration. Elisabetta excelled likewise in music and sculpture. To these rare gifts she united all the gentler virtues of her sex. She never permitted her passion for Art to interfere with the fulfilment of her homely duties. She would rise at dawn to perform those lowly domestic tasks for which her constant occupation during the day afforded little leisure; and was equally admirable in the circle of daily life, as in the loftier regions to which her spirit loved to aspire. At the height of fame and fortune, in the bloom of youth and beauty, Elisabetta was suddenly snatched from all who loved her by a cruel and mysterious doom. Every effort to dispel the darkness in which her fate is involved has hitherto been utterly fruitless. The acts of the trial (for a death so sudden excited general suspicion) are still extant, but throw little light on the subject. According to general belief, she was poisoned by the same hands which administered the deadly draught to Domenico; those of Riberia or his disciples, jealous of her rising fame. Others aver that a personage of princely blood, having in vain sought to win her to his dishonorable addresses, thus avenged himself for her virtuous disdain. Never was grief more sincere and general than that excited by the fate of this fair and gifted being. The whole town was in a state of excitement; her obsequies were celebrated with the utmost splendor; and her tomb, beside that of Guido, in the chapel of the Madonna del Rosario, was long the shrine of enthusiastic pilgrimage. Artemisia Genteleschi, likewise a pupil of Guido Reni, was born beneath the glowing skies of Naples, but early removed with her family to Bologna. She was celebrated principally for her success as a portrait-painter and was summoned to England by Charles I., at whose court she spent several years in the constant exercise of her art. Laden with rich gifts, she returned to Naples, where she lived in great splendor. Her correspondence with the Chevalier del Pozzo, recently published, displays considerable intellectual powers, and proves that she was no less in her element in the great world than in the painter's studio. One of her best pictures is her "Judith," now in the Pallazzo Pitti at Florence—the coloring is vivid, the design clear and correct. We have already adverted to the inferiority of female artistic genius in the North. Now, for the first time it gave signs of life. Maria Schurman, however inferior as an artist to Elisabetta Serani, will still be remembered, no less for the wealth than for the variety of her endowments. Of Flemish extraction, but born at Cologne, she displayed at a very early age that wonderful facility for acquiring knowledge, and those rare intellectual gifts for which she was afterwards so distinguished. Permitted to be present at her brother's Latin lessons, though without sharing his instruction, she had already mastered all the difficulties of the language while he was still in his accidence. Her taste for study once aroused, nothing could stop its progress; and at the age of eleven she had become so thoroughly mistress of the Greek and Hebrew languages as to read with perfect facility Homer, Æschylus, and the Bible in the original tongues. When, in addition to this, we are credibly informed that she united a thorough acquaintance with Arabic, Syriac, Samaritan and Ethiopian—that she spoke with equal elegance and facility every European tongue—that she was no less celebrated for her profound learning than for her talents as a sculptor, musician and artist, we know not whether to be most amazed by the astonishing variety of her endowments or by the modesty which induced her to shun all public applause, and seek retirement rather than renown. Honored by all the most learned men of her day—in intimate correspondence with Salmatius, Vossius, Heinsius, &c.—sought by every person of celebrity who visited Cologne, she abandoned this brilliant existence to retire to a little country-house, where she dwelt in the utmost simplicity, dividing her time between her art and her pen.

After the death of her father and brothers, however, to whom she was fondly attached, her mind, naturally inclined to deep and serious reflection, became clouded by melancholy. It was in this mood that she first made the acquaintance of the celebrated Lamenie. This man, who believed himself a new Christ, sent into the world to announce a new Messiah, whose eloquence and intellectual powers exercised so singular a fascination on all with whom he came in contact, soon acquired unbounded influence over the lonely artist. She became one of his warmest disciples, and, abandoning alike pen and pencil, devoted herself to theological studies. On Lamenie's death, in 1674, she undertook the task of continuing to disseminate his doctrines. Collecting his followers, she conducted them to Vivert, in Friesland, where she dwelt many years, and where our own William Penn saw her in 1677. In his "Journey in Germany" he mentions their conversation, adding, "she spoke in a remarkably grave and solemn tone."* However mistaken Maria's religion, it was deep and sincere; of this she gave an incontrovertible proof in distributing all her goods to the poor, and died herself in indigence, May, 1678.

(To be concluded next week.)

* See Penn's Works, published 1726.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness: O how still
Is the working of His will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh!
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought,
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires!

Holy Truth, eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

W. H. FURNESS.

OLD BIBLES.

From The Detroit Free Press.

THE articles which have lately appeared from time to time in the *Free Press*, in regard to old Bibles, have had the effect to bring to our notice one of the rarest and most valuable specimens of biblical literature in the world. This is a volume of six hundred pages, containing the whole Bible in the Latin language. It belongs to the Rev. Dr. Duffield, of this city. The book is made entirely of vellum, and the printing is all done by hand with a pen and ink. Every letter is perfect in its shape, and cannot be distinguished, by any imperfections in form, from the printed letters of the present day. The shape of the letters is of course different from those now in use, but in no other respect can they be distinguished from printed matter. The immense amount of labor may be conceived from the fact that there are two columns on each page, each of which lacks only about six letters of being as wide as the columns of this paper. They will average sixty lines to the column. The columns numbering 1,200, we have about 72,000 lines in the whole book. Nothing short of a lifetime could accomplish such a work.

The date of this book is A. D. 930. It was consequently made 560 years before printing was invented, and is 928 years old. There is probably nothing on this continent, in the shape of a book, equal to it in age. The vellum upon which it is printed is of the finest kind, and is made of the skin of young lambs and kids, dressed and rubbed with pumice stone until it is very thin. It is somewhat thicker than common paper, being a medium between that and the drawing paper now in use. The fine veins in the skin are distinctly visible in many places. A pencil-mark was drawn by the operator to guide the construction of each line. Many pages have these lines visible on the whole surface, no effort having been made to rub them off. Two lines running up and down divide the columns with mathematical accuracy. At the beginning of each chapter, highly-colored ornamental letters are placed. These are the only marks of the division of chapters. There are no subdivisions into verses, the chapters running through in one paragraph to the end, and no descriptive headings.

This invaluable relic was presented to Dr. Duffield by Lewis Cass, Jr., our Minister resident at Rome. He procured it of a Greek monk, who brought it from the Greek convent of St. Catherine, at the foot of Mount Sinai. Mr. Cass befriended this monk, who was in trouble, and he, in return, presented him with the volume which we have described. According to his story, it is the work of one of the ancient monk scribes in the convent above named. When it became known that Mr. Cass was parting with it, and that it was going out of the country, the round sum of $3,000 was offered him for it by the monks of the city of Rome. This was of course refused, for the pleasure of placing so inestimable a relic in the hands of one who can appreciate its value so well as our learned divine, Dr. Duffield. At the time of the late fire in the Doctor's house, this book was thrown into the street among others, and came very near being lost. It was picked up on the sidewalk by one who recognized it as one of Dr. Duffield's most valuable relics, and preserved it.

From The Boston Transcript.

The Bible which is described above is one of great antiquity, and ought to be carefully preserved and highly prized as a venerable relic of an age when printing was unknown, and the industrious labor of monkish scribes alone caused copies of the Sacred Scriptures to be multiplied.

This is not, however, the oldest book on the continent. There is in the library of Harvard College a Greek manuscript of a portion of the Scriptures that is older, by one or two centuries, than Dr. Duffield's Bible. And in a private library in Cambridge there are several monkish manuscripts of the entire Bible, similar in every respect to that described. There is also in the same library an evangelistarium, or selections from the Gospels for the use of the church—a folio volume of over 300 pages written on parchment in the eighth century, i. e. 1,100 yeas ago, and 700 years before the invention of printing. This book is, of course, older, by about 200 years, than the Detroit Bible, and we have no account of any other book in this country of equal antiquity. We find an account of this and other bibliographical rarities in Rev. Luther Farnham's interesting little work, "A Glance at Private Libraries."

We notice an error in the description of the material on which the Bible belonging to Rev. Dr. Duffield is written. We believe the skins of goats and kids were never used for Biblical manuscripts. The articles used for this purpose were vellum prepared from the skins of calves and parchment from the skins of sheep.

THE PATH THROUGH THE CORN.

WARM and bright in the summer air—
Like a quiet sea when the wind blows fair,
And its roughest breath has scarcely curled
The green highway to an unknown world—
Soft whispers passing from shore to shore,
Like a heart contest—yet desiring more;
Who feels forlorn,
Wandering thus on the path through the corn?

A short space since, and the dead leaves lay
Corrupting under the hedgerow gray;
Nor hum of insect, nor voice of bird
O'er the desolate field was ever heard;
Only at eve the pallid snow
Blushed rose-red in the red sun-glow;
Till, one blest morn,
Shot up into life the young green corn.

Small and feeble, slender and pale,
It bent its head to the winter gale,
Hearkened the wren's soft note of cheer,
Scarcely believing spring was near;
Saw chestnuts bud out, and campions blow,
And daisies mimic the vanished snow,
Where it was born,
On either side of the path through the corn,

The corn—the corn—the beautiful corn,
Rising wonderful, morn by morn,
First, scarce as high as a fairy's wand,
Then, just in reach of a child's wee hand,
Then growing, growing—tall, green, and strong,
With the voice of the harvest in its song,
While in fond scorn
The lark out-carols the murmuring corn.

O strange, sweet path, formed day by day,
How, when, and wherefore—tongue cannot say,
No more than of life's strange paths we know
Whither they lead us, or why we go,
Or whether our eyes shall ever see
The wheat in the ear, or the fruit on the tree.
Yet—who is forlorn?
Heaven, that watered the furrows, will ripen the corn.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

M. DE LAMARTINE.

M. DE LAMARTINE has been roused by some severe remarks published in the *Saturday Review* on his acquiescence in a public subscription for his benefit to publish an animated vindication. To those who have pointed to Chateaubriand as an example of stoicism and self-denial, M. de Lamartine remarks that "Chateaubriand held large and remunerating appointments, yielding him often 300,000 francs a year, besides his pension as a peer; his debts were paid twice over by the Restoration, while neither the Restoration, nor the Government of July, nor the Republic ever paid a centime of my debts; there are statesmen now living who can testify that I have refused the millions of the State when offered to me. Leave me my debts, but leave me also my character; I have served without hire! . . . As to the pretended dilapidation of my fortune and my unlimited extravagance, come to my home, and judge! I inhabit a small house at the bottom of a court in an obscure quarter. I live the life of a laborer of the pen; I receive in the evening a few friends still faithful to me in my adverse days. I steal from sleep some hours for work. I have sold my horses—to which I was passionately attached as the companions of my youth and my travels—keeping only two or three dogs, whose tender fidelity seems a protest against the faithlessness of men. Such has been my life in Paris during ten years. In the country I lead a similar existence under wider roofs. A student at night; a peasant or patriarch, if you will, during the day, surrounded by a numerous class of honest and faithful laborers, profiting by my profits in good years, poor in my poverty when crops fail; add a few attached servants born and getting old in my house, serving without wages when necessary, an adopted family never to be expelled by me till the roof which shelters their infancy or their gray hair shall crumble over them and me! That is my luxury—the luxury of the heart!" M. de Lamartine then explains that his inheritance was burdened with legacies, to pay which he was forced to mortgage them; but that he has not added a penny to their burdens. He might have sold them, but filial piety hindered him. "After my death, when my management will be examined, I may be blamed for my impulses, but my memory will be free from insult. . . . I have never compromised the interests of my creditors. I have kept in lands and literary property enough and more than enough to guarantee them. It only remains to find, in course of time, fair purchasers for my lands without having recourse to that cloud of dealers who, like vultures, scent the carcase from afar." The final paragraph runs thus: "If the subscription opened for me in Macon, Paris, Loudon, &c., succeed, however slowly or incompletely, and if my literary labor continue to be seconded, all will be saved. If the subscription fails, through indifference or calumny—if my friends reap only a harvest of insult from the land where their devoted hands hoped to glean the offerings of the heart—then I will shake off, not in anger, but with resignation, the dust of my paternal fields and hearths, and will say to you and to those who inspire you: Enjoy in peace your malignity, breathe freely the air of that country which witnessed your birth, and where you may die; I breathe no longer the same air—be satisfied."

Those who compared Chateaubriand's stoic independence with Lamartine's readiness to accept aid had probably forgotten that the first-named author was at one time relieved from our Literary Fund.—*London Inquirer.*

CASPAR HAUSER AGAIN.

THE mystery which has been hanging over the fate of Caspar Hauser seems likely to be at last dispelled. It may be in the recollection of most of our readers that, about thirty years ago, a youth, contracted in mind and body through long imprisonment in, as it turned out afterwards, a moist cellar, turned up at Nuremberg, in Germany, in a very mysterious manner. The circumstances created an immense sensation at the time, which extended over the whole world; and there is hardly a country in the world boasting a literature which has not had its say on the case. The boy was adopted by the Nuremberg municipality, and was placed under the best teachers. Kings, princes, noblemen, criminal jurists interested themselves for him. The most careful investigations were instituted about the origin of the child, but to no result. The most curious rumors became current, and most startling hypotheses were set afloat. For a long time it was devoutly believed that the youth was the heir apparent to the south German ducal throne, and had been removed off the scenes for certain dynastic reasons. The youth grew to the estate of man, manifested considerable mental power, when all of a sudden the poignard of an assassin put an end to his existence, and the deed of darkness was thus crowned through the aggravated crime of murder. The unfortunate man and his fate have since fallen into complete oblivion, but the world is now to be startled again by the revelations of Professor Daumer, of Nuremberg, a gentleman to whom the education of Hauser had been entrusted for years.

A singular circumstance connected with the history of Casper Hauser, and one which invests the romantic tale with most particular interest for the English reader, is the poor victim's early relations to a British nobleman, the late Earl Stanhope. Lord St